

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

VOL. I--NO. 14.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 30, 1859.

Price, Six Cents.

The Mountain Fern.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE MONKS OF KILCREA."

Oh, the Fern! the Fern!—the Irish hill Fern!—
That grows out blue lakes from Lough Inn to
Lough Erne,
That waves on our crags, like the plume of a king,
And bends, like a nun, over clear well and spring!
The fair's tall palm tree! the heath bird's fresh
nest,
And the couch the red deer deems the sweetest
and best,
With the free winds to fan it, and dew drops to
garn—

Oh, what can ye match with its beautiful stem?
From the shrine of Saint Finbar, by lone Avon-
brie,

To the halls of Dunluce, with its towers by the sea,
From the hill of Knockthu to the rath of Moyore,
Like a chaplet it circles our green island o'er,—
In the bawn of the chief, by the anchorite's cell,
On the hill top, or greenwood, by streamlet or
well,

With a spell on each leaf, which no mortal can
learn—

Oh, there never was plant like the Irish hill Fern!—
Oh, the Fern! the Fern!—the Irish hill Fern!—
That shelters the weary, or wild roe, or kern,
Thro' the glens of Kilceo rose a shout on the gale,
as the Saxons rushed forth, in their wrath, from
the Pale,

With broad and bloodhound, all savage to see,
To hunt thro' Claneula the wild Rapparee!

Hark! a cry from you dell on the startled ear
rings,
And forth from the wood the young fugitive
springs,

Thro' the copse, o'er the bog, and, oh, saints be
his guide!

His fleet step now falters—there's blood on his
sides—

Yet onward he strains, climbs the cliff, fords the
stream,
And sinks on the hill top, mid brachen leaves
green,
And thick o'er his brow are their fresh clusters
piled,

And they cover his form, as a mother her child;
And the Saxon is baffled—they never discern
Where it shelters and saves him—the Irish hill
Fern!

Oh, the Fern! the Fern!—the Irish hill Fern!—
That grows a wild ken o'er the hero's gray cairn;
Go, hear it at midnight, when stars are all out,
And the wind o'er the hill side is moaning about,
With a rustle and stir, and a long wailing tone
that thrills thro' the heart with its whispering
lone,

And ponder its meaning, when haply you stray
Where the halls of the stranger in ruin decay.

With night owls for warders, the goshawk for
guest,

And their dais of honor by cattle-hoofs prest—
With its fosse choked with rusks, and spider-
webs flung,

Over walls where the Marchmen their red weapons
hung,

With a curse on their name, and a sigh for the
hour

That taries long—look! what waves on the
tower?

With an open and sign, and an augury stern,
Is the Green Flag of Time!—tis the Irish hill
Fern!

SINTRAM AND HIS COMPANIONS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FOUGUE.

CONTINUED.

The two Norwegians sat plunged in melancholy thought; but especially Sintram's eyes began to brighten with a milder expression, his cheeks glowed, every feature softened, till those who looked at him could have fancied they saw a glorified spirit. The good Rolf, who had stood listening to the song, rejoiced therewith from his heart, and devoutly raised his hands in pious gratitude to heaven. But Gabrielle's astonishment suffered her not to take her eyes from Sintram. At last she said to him:

"I should much like to know what has so struck you in that little song. It is merely a simple lay of the Spring, full of the images which that sweet season never fails to call up in the minds of my countrymen."

"But is your home really so lovely, so wondrously rich in song?" cried the enraptured Sintram; "then I am no longer surprised at your heavenly beauty, at the power which you exercise over my hard, wayward heart! For a paradise of song must surely send such an

gelic messengers through the under parts of the world."

And so saying, he fell on his knees before the lady in an attitude of deep humility. Folko looked on all the while with an approving smile, whilst Gabrielle, in much embarrassment, seemed hardly to know how to treat the half-wild, half-tamed young stranger. After some hesitation, however, she held out her fair hand to him, and said, as she gently grasped him:

"Surely, one who listens with such delight to music must himself know how to awaken its strains. Take my lute, and let us hear a graceful inspired song."

But Sintram drew back, and would not take the instrument, and he said,

"Heaven forbid that my rough untutored hand should touch those delicate strings! For even were I to begin with some soft strains, yet before long the wild spirit which dwells in me would break out, and there would be an end of the form and sound of the beautiful instrument. No, no; suffer me rather to fetch my own huge harp, strong with bears' sinews set in brass, for in truth I do feel myself inspired to play and sing."

Gabrielle murmured a half-frightened as-
sout, and Sintram having quickly brought his harp, began to strike it loudly, and to sing words with a voice no less powerful:

"Sir knight, sir knight, oh! whether away
With thy snow-white sails on the foaming
spray?"

Sing, heigh, sing ho, for that land of flowers!

"Too long have I trod upon ice and snow;
I seek the bowers where roses blow."

Sing, heigh, sing ho, for that land of flowers!

He steered on his course by night and day
Till he cast his anchor in Naples Bay.

Sing, heigh, sing ho, for that land of flowers!

There wander'd a lady upon the strand,
Her fair hair bound with golden band.

Sing, heigh, sing ho, for that land of flowers!

"Hail to thee! hail to thee! lady bright,
Mine own shall thou be morrow night."

Sing, heigh, sing ho, for that land of flowers!

"Not so, sir knight," the lady replied,
"For you speak to the margrave's chosen
bride."

Sing, heigh, sing ho, for that land of flowers!

"Your lover may come with his shield and spear,
And the victor shall win thee, lady dear!"

Sing, heigh, sing ho, for that land of flowers!

"Nay, seek for another bride, I pray;

Most fair are the maidens of Naples Bay."

Sing, heigh, sing ho, for that land of flowers!

"No, lady; for thee my heart doth burn,

And the world cannot now my purpose turn."

Sing, heigh, sing ho, for that land of flowers!

Then came the young margrave, bold and brave;
But low was he laid in a grassy grave.

Sing, heigh, sing ho, for that land of flowers!

And then the fierce Norman joyously cried,

"Now shall I possess lands, castle and bride!"

Sing, heigh, sing ho, for that land of flowers!

Sintram's song was ended, but his eyes glared wildly, and the vibrations of the harp-strings still resounded in a marvellous manner. Bior's attitude was again erect; he stroked his long beard and rattled his sword, as if in great delight at what he had just heard. Much shuddered Gabrielle before the wild song and these strange forms, but only till she cast a glance on the Lord of Montfaucon, who sat there smiling in all his hero strength, unmoved, while the rough up roar they sought to know which of them was the most beautiful, since to her the golden fruit was to be awarded. The first knew how to give thrones, and sceptres and crowns; the second could give wisdom and knowledge; and the third could prepare philters and love-charms which could not fail of securing the affections of the fairest of women. Each one in turn proffered her choicest gifts to the young shepherd, in order that, tempted by them, he might adjudge the apple to her. But as fair women charmed him more than anything else in the world, he said that the third was the most beautiful—her name was Venus. The two others departed in great displeasure; but Venus bid him put on his knightly armour and helmet adorned with waving feathers, and then she led him to a famous city called Sparta, where reigned the noble

branches, he unexpectedly came upon something which he had almost struck, and which, at first sight, he took for a small bear standing on its hind legs, with a long and strangely crooked horn on its head. He drew back in surprise and fear. It addressed him in a grating man's voice:

"Well, my brave young knight, whence come you? whether go you? wherefore so terrified?"

And then he first saw that he had before him a little old man so wrapped up in a rough garment of fur, that scarcely one of his features was visible, and, wearing in his cap a strange-looking long feather,

"But whence come you? and whether go you?" returned the angry Sintram; "for of you such questions should be asked. What have you to do in our domains, you hideous little being!"

"Well, well," sneered the other one, "I am thinking that I am quite big enough as I am—one cannot always be a giant. And as to the rest, why should you find fault that I go here hunting for snails? Surely snails do not belong to the game which your high mightinesses consider that you alone have a right to follow! Now, on the other hand, I know how to prepare from them an excellent high-flavored drink, and I have taken enough for to-day; marvellous fat little beasts, with wise faces like a man's, and long twisted horns on their heads. Would you like to see them? Look here!"

And then he began to unfasten and fumble about his fur garment; but Sintram, filled with disgust and horror, said "Psha! I detect such animals!" Be quiet, and tell me at once who and what you yourself are."

"Are you so bent upon knowing my name?" replied the little man. "Let it content you that I am master of all secret knowledge, and well versed in the most intricate depths of ancient history. Ah! my young sir, if you would only hear them! But you are afraid of me."

"Afraid of you," cried Sintram, with a wild laugh.

"Many a better man than you has been so before now," muttered the little Master; "but they did not like being told of it any more than you do."

"To prove that you are mistaken," said Sintram, "I will remain here with you till the moon stands high in the heavens. But you must tell me one of your stories the while."

The little man, much pleased, nodded his head; and as they paced together up and down a retired elm-walk, he began discoursing as follows:—

"Many hundred years ago a young knight, called Paris of Troy, lived in that sunny land of the south where are found the sweetest songs, the brightest flowers, and the most beautiful ladies. You know a song that tells of that fair land, do you not, young sir? Sing, heigh, sing ho, for that land of flowers."

Sintram bowed his head in assent, and sighed deeply. "Now," resumed the little Master, "it happened that Paris led that kind of life which is not uncommon to those countries, and of which their poets often sing—he would pass whole months together in the garb of a peasant, piping in the woods and mountains, and pasturing his flocks. Here one day three beautiful sorceresses appeared to him, dis

puting about a golden apple; and from him they sought to know which of them was the most beautiful, since to her the golden fruit was to be awarded. The first knew how to give thrones, and sceptres and crowns; the second could give wisdom and knowledge; and the third could prepare philters and love-

charms which could not fail of securing the affections of the fairest of women. Each one in turn proffered her choicest gifts to the young shepherd, in order that, tempted by them, he might adjudge the apple to her. But as fair women charmed him more than anything else in the world, he said that the third was the most beautiful—her name was Venus. The two others departed in great displeasure;

but Venus bid him put on his knightly armour and helmet adorned with waving feathers, and then she led him to a famous city called Sparta, where reigned the noble

Duke of Menelaus. His young duchess Helen was the loveliest woman on earth, and the sorceress offered her to Paris in return for the golden apple. He was most ready to have her, and wished for nothing better; but he asked how he was to gain possession of her."

"Paris must have been a sorry knight," interrupted Sintram. "Such things are easily settled. The husband is challenged to single combat, and he that is victorious carries off the wife."

"But Duke Menelaus was the host of the young knight," said the narrator.

"Listen to me, Little Master," cried Sintram, "he might have asked the sorceress for some other beautiful woman, and then have mounted his horse, or weighed anchor, and departed."

"Yes, yes; it is very easy to say so," replied the old man. "But if you only knew how bewitchingly lovely this duchess Helen was, no room was left for change." And then he began a glowing description of the charms of this wondrously beautiful woman, but likening the image to Gabrielle so closely, feature to feature, that Sintram, tottering, was forced to lean against a tree. The Little Master stood opposite him grinning, and asked, "Well now, could you have advised that poor knight Paris to fly from her?"

"Tell me at once what happened next," stammered Sintram.

"The sorceress acted honorably towards Paris," continued the old man. "She declared to him that if he would carry away the lovely duchess to his own city Troy, he might do so, and thus cause the ruin of his whole house and his country; but that during ten years he would be able to defend himself in Troy, and rejoice in the sweet love of Helen."

"And he accepted those terms, or he was a fool!" cried the youth.

"To be sure he accepted them," whispered the little Master. "I would have done so in his place! And do you know, young sir, the look of things then was just as they are happening to-day. The newly risen moon, partly veiled by clouds, was shining dimly through the thick branches of the trees in the silence of evening. Leaning against an old tree, as you now are doing, stood the young enamored knight Paris, and at his side the enchantress Venus, but so disguised and transformed that she did not look much more beautiful than I do. And by the silvery light of the moon the form of the beautiful one was seen sweeping by alone amidst the whispering boughs." He was silent, and as like as a mirror of his deluding words, Gabrielle just then actually herself appeared, musing as she walked alone down the alley of elms.

"Man—fearful Master—by what name shall I call you? To what would you drive me?" muttered the trembling Sintram.

"Thou knowest thy father's strong stone castle on the Moon-rocks!" replied the old man. "The castellan and the garrison are true and devoted to thee. It could stand a ten years' siege; and the little gate which leads to the hills is open, as was that of the citadel of Sparta for Paris."

And, in fact the youth saw through a gate, left open he knew not how, the dim, distant mountains, glittering in the moonlight. "And if he did not accept, he was a fool!" said the Little Master, with a grin, echoing Sintram's words.

At that moment Gabrielle stood close by him. She was within reach of his grasp, had he made the least movement; and a moonbeam suddenly breaking forth transfigured, as it were, her heavenly beauty. The youth had already bent forward—

"My Lord and God, I pray,
Turn from his heart away
This world's turmoil;
And call him to Thy light,
Be it through sorrow's night,
Through pain or toil."

These words were sung by old Rolf at that very time, as he lingered on the still margin of the castle fish-pond, where he prayed alone to Heaven, full of foreboding care. They reached Sintram's ear; he stood as if spell-bound, and made the sign of the Cross. Im-

mediately the little Master fled away, jumping uncouthly on one leg, through the gates, and shutting them after him with a yell.

Gabrielle shuddered, terrified at the wild noise. Sintram approached her softly, and said, offering his arm to her, "Suffer me to lead you back to the castle. The night in these northern regions is often wild and fearful."

CHAPTER VIII.

They found the two knights drinking wine within. Folko was relating stories in his usual mild and cheerful manner, and Biorn was listening with a moody air, but, as if against his will, the dark cloud might pass away before that bright and gentle courtesy. Gabrielle saluted the baron with a smile, and signed to him to continue his discourse, as she took her place near the knight Biorn, full of watchful kindness. Sintram stood by the hearth, abstracted and melancholy; and the embers, as he stirred them, cast a strange glow over his pallid features.

"And of all the German trading towns," continued Montfaucon, "the largest and richest is Hamburgh. In Normandy we willingly see their merchants land on our coasts, and those excellent people never fail to prove themselves our friends when we seek their advice and assistance. When I first visited Hamburgh, every honor and respect was paid to me. I found its inhabitants engaged in a war with a neighboring count, and immediately I used my sword for them, vigorously and successfully."

"Your sword! your knightly sword!" interrupted Biorn; and the old world fire flashed from his eyes. "Against a knight, and for keepers!"

"Sir knight," replied Folko, calmly, "the barons of Montfaucon have ever used their swords as they chose, without the interference of another; and as I have received this good custom, so do I wish to hand it on. If you agree not to this so speak it freely out. But I forbid every rude word against the men of Hamburgh, since I have declared them to be my friends."

Biorn cast down his haughty eyes, and their fire faded away. In a low voice he said, "Proceed, noble baron. You are right and I am wrong."

Then Folko stretched out his hand to him across the table, and resumed his narration: "Amongst all my beloved Hamburghers the dearest to me are two men of marvellous experience—a father and son. What have they not seen and done in the remotest corners of the earth, and instituted in their native town! Praise be to God, my life cannot be called unfruitful; but, compared with the wise Gottthard Lenz and his stout-hearted son Rudlieb, I look upon myself as an esquire who has perhaps been some few times to tourneys, and, besides that, has never hunted out of his own forests. They have converted, subdued, gladdened, dark men whom I know not how to name; and the wealth which they have brought back with them has all been devoted to the common weal, as if fit for no other purpose. On their return from their long and perilous sea-voyages, they hasten to an hospital which has been founded by them, and where they undertake the part of overseers, and of careful and patient nurses. Then they proceed to select the most fitting spots wherein to erect new towers and fortresses for the defence of their beloved country. Next they repair to the houses where strangers and travellers receive hospitality at their cost; and at last they return to their own abode, to entertain their guests, rich and noble like kings, and simple and unconstrained like shepherds. Many a tale of their wondrous adventures serves to enliven these sumptuous feasts. Amongst others, I remember to have heard my friends relate one at which my hair stood on end. Possibly I may gain some more complete information on the subject from you. It appears that several years ago, just about the time of the Christmas festival, Gottthard and Rudlieb were shipwrecked on the coast of Norway, during a violent winter tempest. They could never exactly ascertain the situation of the rocks on which their vessel stranded; but so much is certain, that very near the sea-shore stood a huge castle, to which the father and son betook themselves, seeking for that assistance and shelter which Christian people are ever willing to afford each other in case of need. They went alone, leaving their followers to watch the injured ship. The castle-gates were thrown open, and they

thought all was well. But on a sudden the court-yard was filled with armed men, who with one accord aimed their sharp iron-pointed spears at the defenceless strangers; whose dignified remonstrances and mild entreaties were only heard in sullen silence or with scornful jeerings. After a while a knight came down the stairs, with fire-flashing eyes. They hardly knew whether to think they saw a spectre, or a wild heathen; he gave a signal, and the fatal spears closed around them. At that instant the soft tones of a woman's voice fell on their ear, calling on the Saviour's holy name for aid; at the sound, the spectres in the court-yard rushed madly one against the other, the gates burst open, and Gottthard and Rudlieb fled away, catching a glimpse as they went of an angelic woman who appeared at one of the windows of the castle. They made every exertion to get their ship again afloat, choosing to trust themselves to the sea rather than to that barbarous coast; and at last, after manifold dangers, they landed at Denmark. They say that some heathen must have owned the cruel castle; but I hold it to be some ruined fortress, destroyed by men, in which hellish spectres were wont to hold their nightly meetings. What heathen could be found so demon-like as to offer death to shipwrecked strangers, instead of refreshment and shelter?"

Biorn gazed fixedly on the ground, as though he were turned into stone; but Sintram came towards the table, and said, "Father, let us seek out this godless abode, and lay it level with the dust. I cannot tell how, but somehow I feel quite sure that the accursed deed of which we have just heard is alone the cause of my frightful dreams."

Enraged at his son, Biorn rose up, and would perhaps again have uttered some dreadful words; but heaven decreed otherwise, for just at that moment the pealing notes of a trumpet were heard, which drowned the angry tones of his voice; the great doors opened slowly, and a herald entered the hall. He bowed reverently, and then said, "I am sent by Jarl Eric the Aged. He returned two days ago from his expedition to the Grecean seas. His wish had been to take vengeance on the island which is called Chios, where fifty years ago his father was slain by the soldiers of the emperor. But your kinsman, the sea-king Arinbiorn, who was lying there at anchor, tried to pacify him. To this Jarl Eric would not listen; so the sea-king said next that he would never suffer Chios to be laid waste, because it was an island where the lays of an old Greek bard, called Homer, were excellently sung, and where moreover a very choice wine was made. Words proving of no avail, a combat ensued; in which Arinbiorn had so much the advantage that Jarl Eric lost two of his ships, and only with difficulty escaped in one which had already sustained great damage. Eric the Aged has now resolved to take revenge on some of the sea-king's race, since Arinbiorn himself is seldom on the spot. Will you, Biorn of the Fiery Eyes, at once pay as large a penalty in cattle, and money, and goods, as it may please the Jarl to demand? Or will you prepare to meet him with an armed force at Niflung's Heath seven days hence?"

Biorn bowed his head quietly, and replied in a mild tone, "Seven days hence at Niflung's Heath." He then offered to the herald a golden goblet full of rich wine, and added, "Drink that, and then carry off with thee the cup which thou hast emptied."

"The Baron of Montfaucon likewise sends greeting to thy chieftain, Jarl Eric," interposed Folko; "and engages to be also at Niflung's Heath, as the hereditary friend of the sea-king, and also as the kinsman and guest of Biorn of the Fiery Eyes."

The herald was seen to tremble at the name of Montfaucon; he bowed very low, cast an anxious, reverential look at the baron, and left the hall.

Gabrielle looked on her knight, smiling lovingly and securely, for she well knew his victorious prowess; and she only asked, "Where shall I remain, whilst you go forth to battle, Folko?"

"I had hoped," answered Biorn, "that you would be well contented to stay in this castle, lovely lady; I leave my son to guard you, and attend on you."

Gabrielle hesitated an instant; and Sintram, who had resumed his position near the fire, muttered to himself as he fixed his eyes on the bright flames which were flashing up, "Yes, yes, so it will probably happen. I can

say that Duke Menelias had just left Sparta on some warlike expedition, when the young knight Paris met the lovely Helen that evening in the garden."

But Gabrielle, shuddering, although she knew not why, said quickly, "Without you, Folko? And must I forego the joy of seeing you fight; or the honor of tending you, should you chance to receive a wound?"

Folko bowed, gracefully thanking his lady, and replied, "Come with your knight, since such is your pleasure, and be to him a bright guiding star. It is a good old northern custom that ladies should be present at knightly combats, and no true warrior of the north will fail to respect the place whence beams the light of their eyes. Unless, indeed," continued he with an inquiring look at Biorn, "unless Jarl Eric is not worthy of his forefather?"

"A man of honor," said Biorn confidently. "Then array yourself, my fairest confidently," said the delighted Folko; "array yourself, and come forth with us to the battle-field to behold and judge our deeds."

"Come forth with us to the battle," echoed Sintram in a sudden transport of joy.

And they all dispersed in calm cheerfulness; Sintram betaking himself again to the wood, while the others retired to rest.

CHAPTER IX.

It was a wild dreary tract of country that, which bore the name of Niflung's Heath. According to tradition, the young Niflung, son of Hogni, the last of his race, had there ended darkly a sad and unsuccessful life. Many ancient grave-stones were still standing round about; and in the few oak trees scattered here and there over the plain, huge eagles had built their nests. The beating of their heavy wings as they fought together, and their wild screams, were heard far off in more thickly peopled regions; and at the sound children would tremble in their cradle, and old men quail with fear as they slumbered over the blazing hearth.

As the seventh night, the last before the day of combat, was just beginning, two large armies were seen descending from the hills in opposite directions: that which came from the west was commanded by Eric the Aged, that from the east by Biorn of the Fiery Eyes. They appeared thus early in compliance with the custom which required that adversaries should always present themselves at the appointed field of battle before the time named in order to prove that they rather sought than dreaded the fight. Folko forthwith pitched on the most convenient spot the tent of blue samite fringed with gold, which he carried with him to shelter his gentle lady; whilst Sintram, in the character of herald, rode over to Jarl Eric to announce to him that the beauteous Gabrielle of Montfaucon was present in the army of the knight Biorn, and would the next morning be present to judge of the combat.

Jarl Eric bowed low on receiving this pleasing message; and ordered his bards to strike up a lay, the words of which ran as follows:

"Warriors bold of Eric's band,
Gird your glittering armor on,
Stand beneath to-morrow's sun,
In your might."

Fairest dame that ever gladden'd
Our wild shores with beauty's vision,
May thy bright eyes o'er our combat,
Judge the right!"

Tidings of you noble stranger
Long ago have reached our ears,
Wafted upon southern breezes,
O'er the wave."

Now midst yonder hostile ranks,
In his warlike hue he meets us,
Folko comes! Fight, men of Eric,
True and brave!"

These wondrous tones floated over the plain, and reached the tent of Gabrielle. It was now new thing to her to hear her knight's fame celebrated on all sides; but now that she listened to his praises bursting forth in the stillness of night from the mouth of his enemies, she could scarce refrain from kneeling at the feet of the mighty chieftain. But he with courteous tenderness held her up, and pressing his lips fervently on her soft hand, he said:

"My dears, O lovely lady, belong to thee, and not to me!"

Now the night had passed away, and the east was glowing; and on Niflung's Heath there was waving, and resounding, and glowing too. Knights put on their rattling armor, war-horses began to neigh, the morning draught

went round in gold and silver goblets, while war-songs and the clang of harps resounded in the midst. A joyous march was heard in Biorn's camp, as Montfaucon, with his troops and retainers, clad in bright steel armor, conducted their lady to a neighboring hill, where she would be safe from the spears which would soon be flying in all directions, and whence she could look freely over the battle-field. The morning sun, as it were in homage, played over her beauty; and as she came in view of the camp of Jarl Eric, his soldiers lowered their weapons, whilst the chieftains bent low the crests of their huge helmets. Two of Montfaucon's pages remained in attendance on Gabrielle; for so noble a service not unwillingly bridling their love of fighting. Both armies passed in front of her, saluting her and singing as they went; they then placed themselves in array, and the fight began.

The spears flew from the hands of the strongest warriors, rattling against the broad shields under which they sheltered themselves, or sometimes clattering as they met in the air; at intermissions, on one side or the other a man was struck, and fell silent in his blood. Then the Knight of Montfaucon advanced with his troop of Norman horsemen—even as he dashed past, he did not fail to lower his shining sword to salute Gabrielle; and then with an exulting war-cry, which burst from every mouth, they charged the left wing of the enemy. Eric's foot soldiers, kneeling firmly, received them with fixed javelins—many a noble horse fell wounded to death, and in falling brought his rider with him to the ground; others again crushed their foes under them in their death-fall. Folko rushed through and his war-steed unwounded—followed by a troop of chosen knights. Already were the falling into disorder—already were Biorn's warriors giving shouts of victory—when a troop of horse, headed by Jarl Eric himself, advanced against the valiant baron; and while his Normans, hastily assembled, assisted him in repelling this new attack, the enemy's fantry were gradually forming themselves into a thick mass, which rolled on and on, these movements seemed caused by a war whose loud piercing shout was heard in the midst. And scarcely were the troops in this strange array, when suddenly they sprang themselves out on all sides, carrying everything before them with the irresistible force of the burning torrent from Helga.

Biorn's soldiers, who had thought to inflict their enemies, lost courage and gave way before this wondrous onset. The knight himself in vain attempted to stem the tide of invincibles, and with difficulty escaped being rived away by it.

Sintram stood looking at this scene of confusion with mute indignation; friends foes passed by him, all equally avoiding him and dreading to come in contact with whose aspect was so fearful, nay almost earthly, in his motionless rage. He aimed a blow either to right or left; his powerful axe rested his hand; but his eyes flamed fire, and seemed to be piercing the enemy ranks through and through, as if he would find out who it was that conjured up this like spirit. He succeeded. A small and cloathed in strange looking armor, with golden horns on his helmet, and a long sword advancing in front of it, was leaning on a battle-edged curving spear, and seemed to be looking with the flight of Biorn's troops, they were pursued by their victorious enemies. "That is he," cried Sintram; "he who drives us from the field before the eyes of Gabrielle!" And with the swiftness of an arrow he flew towards him with a wild shout. The combat was fierce, but not of long duration. To the wondrous dexterity of his adversary, Sintram opposed his far superior size; and he dealt so fearful a blow on his horned helmet, that a stream of blood ran forth, the small man fell as if stunned, and after some frightful convulsive movements his limbs appeared to stiffen in death.

His fall gave the signal for that of all Eric's army. Even those who had not seen him suddenly lost their courage and ergenred the battle, and retreated with uncertain steps or ran in wild affright on the spears of his enemies. At the same time Montfaucon dispersing Jarl Eric's cavalry, after a desperate conflict—had hurled their chief to the saddle, and taken him prisoner with his own hand. Biorn of the Fiery Eyes was victorious in the middle of the field of battle. The day was won.

TO BE CONTINUED.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

Conflicting War Rumors

AUSTRIA AND FRANCE STILL PREPARING FOR HOSTILITIES.

IMPENDING DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

THE PHOENIX TRIALS IN IRELAND.

The City of Washington, which arrived at this port on the 25th inst., brings news from Europe up to the 13th, on which day she left Liverpool. We give below the prominent features of her news:

The Prince Albert, which left Galway on the 9th, was obliged to put back on account of a serious leakage, which was discovered when she was 300 miles from port.

IRELAND.

The preparations for a new election are going on in all parts of the country, and speculations are rife as to the candidates who intend presenting themselves for the suffrages of the people.

THE CASE OF DANIEL SULLIVAN.

In the last number of *The Record*, we gave the result of the trial of Daniel Sullivan, one of the Phoenix prisoners, who has been condemned to a ten years' penal servitude. The trial was, from first to last, a complete mockery of justice, and it was evident from the course of the prosecution in rejecting Catholics as members of the jury, that they were determined to convict the prisoner. Indeed, so well aware was Sullivan himself of their determination, that he wrote the following letter to his counsel and attorney, forbidding them to act in his behalf:

MARCH 21, 1859.

DEAR SIR: Having seen every Catholic who was called upon to try me, including men of the highest station and respectability, set aside by the Crown, and an exclusively Protestant jury empanelled to try me, who am a Catholic, and this course having been taken after every effort had been made in the public press to create prejudice against me in the minds of Protestants, I feel that a jury has been unfairly chosen to convict me. I will, therefore, be no party to going through the mockery of a defence, and withdraw all authority from you, and from my counsel, and I leave those who persecute me to do as they think proper. Yours, DANIEL SULLIVAN.

On the course which the prisoner pursued in this instance, The Dublin Nation comments as follows:

Daniel Sullivan did well in abandoning all defence in such circumstances, and refusing to give to the shameful proceedings that sanction that would be implied in his acceptance of the issue thus placed before him. The manly and noble letter in which he, in a few brief sentences, sketched out the position in which a murderous juggling of the Crown had placed him, and directed his counsel to abandon all attempts to defend him from the unscrupulous arts and the deadly fury of his assailants, is now before the world. It will be translated into the language of every nation in Europe, and will do more to expose the hypocrisy of England's pretended zeal for liberty and the hollowness of England's boasted institutions, than any document which has made its appearance for the last fifty years.

In Ireland it will serve as a model for future use. We have not the slightest idea that long struggle of our people against injustice and oppression is now about to be abandoned, nor have we the least expectation that the foul practices by which English sway has been maintained up to this time amongst us are henceforth to give place to more creditable proceedings. So long as England shall endeavor to keep this country in subjection, and our people deprived of the right of self-government, so long will there be resistance to her dominion, whatever that may cost, and so long must she keep around her a band of traitors, perfomers and legal murderers. We therefore anticipate a future use for the letter of Daniel Sullivan, the Tralee prisoner, and we advise that a course similar to his be adopted in like circumstances. When the jury is so "selected" that it becomes but a murderous machine, when the trial is so conducted that it becomes no trial but a deadly prosecution, then let the example of Daniel Sullivan be followed—let there be no vain and useless attempts at defense, but let it be shown to the world as plainly as he has shown it, that the British Constitution in Ireland is a deception and a lie, and that there is no "law" known to the English Government in its dealings with the Irish people.

AN INDIGNATION MEETING CALLED FOR.—A requisition to our high sheriff, of which the following is a copy, is in progress of signature in the several towns and throughout the country. It has already, we understand, been numerously signed in Tralee by the leading mer-

chants, and by the Very Rev. Dean M'Enery and the clergy of his deanery. In Killarney, it has been signed, we are informed by our correspondent, by the Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty, the Roman Catholic clergy, and by the principal gentry and men of business of that locality. Copies of the requisition, too, have been forwarded to the borough and county members:

"We, the undersigned, deeming the conduct pursued by the crown prosecutors in the recent trial for conspiracy of D. O'Sullivan, in putting by every Roman Catholic who came into the jury box; calculated to shake the confidence of the people in the imperial administration of the law, to bring into disrepute the sacred right and most valued blessing of trial by jury, and to insult the Roman Catholic jurors of this loyal county, by attributing to them sympathy with treason or disregard for the sanctity of an oath, request the high sheriff to convene a meeting on the day of [redacted] of all friends of civil and religious liberty in this county, irrespective of creed or party, to protest against so unconstitutional a proceeding." [Tabled Chronicle.

DEFEAT OF THE GOVERNMENT IN THE BELFAST TRIALS.—In this case the evidence against the prisoners was chiefly that of two men named Carolan and Kelly, the latter of whom had two brothers among the prisoners in the dock. Kelly swore that not only was he endeavoring to convict his two brothers of being members of the society, but that it was by a mistake he omitted to include his own father in his informations! Such a monster was surely unworthy of a moment's credit, and should have been hissed and hunted out of court as a disgrace to the human kind. A wretch who would hang his father and two brothers for money ought to be regarded as something worse than a wild beast, yet this wretch was one of the chief witnesses of the Crown, the main prop on which they rested their case! On Friday Mr. Ferguson, Q. C., defended the prisoners in a very able speech; Mr. Robertson, Q. C., replied for the Crown, and the jury retired to consider their verdict. The jury was as well and truly packed as the Crown could practicable at the time or thought necessary, but yet it chanced that it included one man who was not a decided enemy of the prisoners, and was not determined to do the bidding of the Crown, and the result was that after a night's confinement, during which an unanimous decision could not be arrived at, the jury were discharged, and preparations were made for putting the prisoners a second time on their trial.

On the second trial the Attorney-General was in attendance to try if he could not give a dash of what he calls his "vigor" to the proceedings; but again he was doomed to disappointment; again a portion of the jury refused to convict a number of peaceable young men on such evidence as that of the government informers, and after enduring as much confinement as nature enabled them to bear, they were discharged without agreeing, and further proceedings were postponed to next assizes, by which time a "revision" of the jury panel can be effected, and the right men got into the right place for the next occasion.

IRISHMEN IN THE AUSTRIAN AND FRENCH ARMY.—The army list of Austria is naturally an object of scrutiny just now. It appears that over one hundred principal officers are Hanoverians, and nearly as many born Bavarians; numbers also from Saxony and the minor States have taken service under the Austrian banner. There are few, if any, Prussians in Austrian pay, though many Irish, as this list will show.—First Aid-de-Camp to the Emperor, Maximilian, Count O'Donnell; Field Marshal, Laval, Count Nugent; Field Marshals Lieutenant, Simon Fitzgerald, Colonel 6th Chasseurs; Felix, Count Moyna, Colonel 8th Regiment Uhlan; Constantine, Baron Herbert of Rathkeale. Major-Generals, Peter Von Mulholl, and Ambrose O'Ferall; Count Albert Nugent, Daniel O'Connor of Kerry, Count Charles Taaffe, Baron Brady, Oliver Wallis, Conn Carrick Mayne, Major of the 8th Uhlan; Maximilian, Count McCaffrey, Rittmeister, 9th Uhlan; O'Hanlon, Frank, Baron O'Byrne, 39th Infantry; Maurice Pier, Baron Charles M'Sherry, 8th Uhlan; Baron Julius Wallis, of Carrick Mayne; Tim O'Mahony, 4th Dragoons; Aloysius McCullen, 23rd Infantry; Anthony Adler Mulholland, 44th Infantry; Edward Baron Herbert, of Rathkeale, 45th Infantry; Joseph Hickey, Registrar of Military Archives. Should France cross the Alps, a far more numerous array of fighting Irish will be marshalled against their Austrian kinmen, about two hundred officers appearing on the roll here. The Paris garrison counts many; the 73rd of the Line, now quartered at the Chateau d'Eau, on the Boulevarde, is commanded by Colonel H. C. O'Malley; and the Cuirassiers of the Imperial Guard, quartered at St. Germans, by Lucius O'Brien; not to mention Gen. P. M'Mahon, who is likely to guide the whole campaign. Tom Moore's son died a Lieutenant in Algeria.

or that minstrel boy to the wars would have gone.

RWARD OF MERIT AND HUMANITY.—Some short time since it was to us a pleasure, though a rather melancholy duty, to record the humanity and intrepidity of Capt. William Moore, of the Edward Phelan, of this port, in rescuing the captain and crew of the Mary of Waterford, from inevitable death, and their acknowledgment of the exertions and subsequent kindness of all on board the E. Phelan. We have since had the sincere pleasure to announce that the Board of Trade have duly and kindly recorded their high approbation of such most commendable conduct, and marked it by presenting to Captain William Moore, a telescope, bearing a suitable inscription—awarding also a sum of £10 for distribution among the crew of the Edward Phelan. The behests of the Board of Trade were punctually carried out by William Coglan, Esq., Collector of Customs here, and Capt. Moore expresses his grateful acknowledgments for his kindness, and shall ever retain the Telescope as a memorial of one of the happiest acts of his life. In common with the crew, he expresses thanks for the generous donation through the same hands, of £10 from the Board of Trade. [Cork Paper.

GALWAY HARBOR.—A report lately made to the Admiralty by Captain Washington, R. N., Captain Teitch, R. E., and Mr. Barry Gibbons, C. E., on the capabilities and requirements of the port and harbor of Galway, was issued with the Parliamentary papers yesterday. These gentlemen were instructed by the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to report on the following points:—1. Whether any part of the Bay of Galway is capable of being made a harbor of refuge, or whether the bay possesses such advantages as would render it eligible in any part as a harbor of refuge. 2. Whether, from its position, such advantages would invest it with claims as a packet station. 3. If so, what plan should be adopted to facilitate the landing and embarkation of passengers and goods, especially during the winter months. The report on these instructions is:—That they consider that, for the purpose of a harbor of refuge, nature has done all that is required; but with a view of facilitating embarkation of passengers, mails, and goods, they propose various engineering works. That on the smallest scale consists merely of a landing jetty, and the removal of a small ledge of rock; but if it should be decided to make Galway a permanent mail-packet station, they propose that to erect a pier to extend in a south-easterly direction from the south end of Mutton Island about 800 yards, into a depth of five to six fathoms at low water or spring tides, which would cost altogether about £200,000; or, instead of carrying out the chief works into deep water, to bring a low-water channel open to the existing harbor and dock, the cost of which scheme would probably be about £150,000. The third plan that has been prepared consists of a pier about 400 yards long, extended from the south end of Mutton Island, the inner portion of it being built on open piles, so as to allow the sea and tide to pass through. This design, including the necessary docks, would exceed £300,000.

RWARD OF BRAVERY AND HUMANITY.—William Coglan, Esq., Collector of Customs at the port of Wexford, recently received from the Lords of the Committee of the Privy Council for Trade a beautifully mounted telescope, made on the newest principle, together with the sum of ten pounds, to be presented, the former to Captain William Moore, of the Edward Phelan, of this port, and the latter to his gallant crew, in testimony of the services rendered by them to the crew of the Mary, of Waterford, in February last, whereby, under Divine Providence, they succeeded in rescuing six of their fellow-creatures from a watery grave. The telescope bears the following inscription:—"Presented by the Board of Trade to Mr. William Moore, master of the brigantine Edward Phelan, of Wexford, in acknowledgment of his humane services to the crew of the brigantine Mary, of Waterford, on the 7th of February, 1859, in St. George's Channel." Our worthy Collector brought the case under the notice of their lordships; and we are happy to see that his representation has been met in so worthy and so just a spirit. [Wexford Independent.

ENGLAND.

The approaching dissolution of Parliament is the paramount topic of interest. Several candidates have already offered themselves to the electors in the cities and boroughs of the United Kingdom, and speculation is rife as to the probable result of the coming appeal to the country. The Liberal party stigmatize the resort to a general election as an unworthy move to retain power, and assert that the Ministry ought to have been satisfied with the verdict of the House of Commons and resigned, as soon as they ascertained unequiv-

cally that they had lost the confidence of Parliament.

In the House of Commons Mr. Berkely moved his resolution in favor of vote by ballot, and speaking on the subject strengthened his arguments by reference to the ballot system in America.

A debate ensued in which Lord John Russell mildly, and Lord Palmerston strongly, opposed the proposition. It was rejected by 102 to 99—majority 3.

It was said in London that efforts would be made by the opposition to prevent a dissolution of Parliament, but there was little doubt the ministerial programme would be carried out.

FRANCE.

The news from France is very important, preparations for war are progressing steadily and on a most extensive scale. A conscription of 100,000 has been ordered to be raised in the different departments, and it was reported that a French army of observation, 80,000 strong, was to be concentrated on the frontiers of the Rhine; also that four French and Sardinian war steamers had been despatched to the Adriatic to be in readiness to blockade Trieste and Venice.

In was stated that a council of the Marshals was to meet at the Tuilleries in a few days, to be presided over by the Emperor.

A despatch received by a London paper from Berlin states that by June Louis Napoleon will have a force of 600,000 men ready to march—150,000 to be directed against Italy, the remainder to be ready for any emergency that may arise.

AUSTRIA.

Everything in Austria indicates a belief in an impending war. Two hundred and fifty thousand Austrian soldiers are to be collected in Lombardy and the Piedmontese frontiers, and six thousand Croats, forming the advanced guard of twenty new battalions eight hundred strong, reached Venice on the 5th of April. Austrian men-of-war are concentrated at Malmoe; bridge-boats and engineering corps and materials are forwarded to the Ticino, and Austrian forces are taking up positions and garrisoning fortresses that command Piedmont, and indicate plainly an intention to attack Sardinia.

The correspondent of *The London Times*, writing from Vienna on the 8th inst., says:—"In a few days we will have to announce that Austria has declared war against Sardinia. It is rumored that Austria intends calling out the reserve of the whole army, putting all on a war footing, and mobilizing the country battalions. By these means Austria, in the space of four weeks, will be transformed into one vast camp, and I do not exaggerate in placing the number of her moveable forces at 700,000 men."

The disarming of Piedmont which, according to last accounts, Austria insisted on a *sine qua non* has been given up, and in its stead a simultaneous disarmament has, it is said, been agreed upon, on conditions which have not transpired. The Paris Pays, after making this announcement, remarks that this radical change in the situation deprives the other news which reaches us in the ordinary course of all interest.

SARDINIA.

The excitement in Piedmont has reached a high pitch, and arming was carried forward on a formidable scale.

Passports were given by the Roman authorities to volunteers for Piedmontese service from the States of the Church, but with the intimation that they would be regarded as exiles.

Fifty thousand volunteers are now in the Piedmontese dominions, belonging to the noblest families of Northern Italy, who are daily leaving Turin for the corps they have joined on active service.

NAPLES.

The King's malady had become so aggravated that it is believed he could not survive the week.

A RUSSIAN PECULIARITY.—The Russians drink first and eat afterwards, and never drink without eating. If wine and biscuits are placed on the table, every one takes a glass of wine first, and then a biscuit; and at the zakouka before dinner, those who take the customary glass of vodka take an atom of caviare or cheese after it, but not before it. As a general rule, the Russians drink only at the beginning of a repast.

SEA WORMS.—Admiral Dupetit-Thouars has sent in to the French Academy of Sciences some extraordinary specimens of the destructive power of certain sea worms, consisting of fragments of vessels, which had been sent to him from Toulon. He also sent in a glass globe a collection of those animalcules, almost invisible at their birth, which have the power of penetrating into the hardest timber, in which they take up their residence, and in the end totally destroy it. These specimens are to be deposited at the Jardin des Plantes. They are perforated with almost mathematical precision, and the question which naturally arises is how vessels can be defended against the incessant attacks of those almost invisible enemies?

Coptic Song.

FROM THE GERMAN.

How e'er they may wrangle, your pundits and sages,

And love of contention infects all the breed,
All the philosophers, search through all ages,
Join with one voice in the following creed:

Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay!

Mules will be mules, by the law of their malish-

ness;

Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolish-
ness;

What from an ass can be got but a bray?

When Merlin I questioned, the old Necromancer,
As hal'd with light in his coffin he lay,
I got from the wizard a similar answer,

And thus ran the burden of what he did say:

Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay!

Mules will be mules, by the law of their malish-

ness;

Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolish-
ness,

What from an ass can be got but a bray?

And up on the wind-swept peaks of Armenia,
Down and in the depths, far hid from the day,

Of the temples of Egypt and far Abyssinia,

This, and but this, was the gospel always:

Fools from their folly 'tis hopeless to stay!

Mules will be mules, by the law of their malish-

ness—

Then be advised, and leave fools to their foolish-
ness,

What from an ass can be got but a bray?

MISCELLANEOUS.

HUMANITY OF THE PEOPLE OF VIENNA.—M. Kohl, in his "Hundred Days in Austria," relates that he witnessed a scene in one of the streets of Vienna, which was alike honorable for the human and the feathered animals who figured in it. A couple of young sparrows, making their first essay in flying with their parents over the roofs of the capital, had fallen exhausted into the street, where they were picked up and carried off by a boy, in whose hands they fluttered and chirped most pitifully. The parent birds followed, uttering most sorrowful cries, fluttering against the walls, perching on signs of the shops, and venturing even into the turmoil of the street. I begged the lad to let the young ones go, and as the cries of the old birds had already excited his compassion, he did so; but the creatures flying awkwardly against the walls, fell a second time into the street, and were again picked up.

"Give them to me for my children; give them to me," cried some women.

But the remonstrances of the feathered parents were so pitiful, that in the end the whole assembled crowd (all of the lowest class) raised a general shout of "No, no; let them go; give them their liberty." There were some Jews among the populace, who cried out louder than any. Several times the birds were flung up into the air, and as often fell down again, amid the general lamentation of all present. At last a ladder was procured, all lent a hand to raise it against a small house, and hold it fast while some one mounted it and placed the little animals safely on the roof. The parents flew to them immediately, and the whole family took wing, and the general acclamations of the multitude; even a couple of "glacefranzel" (*petits maitres*) stood still at a little distance and eyed the scene smilingly through their glasses.

SINGULARITY OF THE JAPANESE.—They seldom eat any meat but such game as they have killed for themselves; for this entails a *fusio* or impurity of only one Japanese hour, equivalent to two of ours, unless the game be warfowl, pheasants, or "my great lord the crane," as they call that long-legged grallatorial. They know nothing of the use of milk and butter; they export their pigs and never eat their poultry; and, in their dietary, follow almost the careful fastidiousness of the Brahmins, in their zeal to escape bloodshed and impurity. This is a remarkable fact in a country of such dense population. They keep their dogs as a sacred and intolerable street nuisance, and bury them with due honors, in memory of an Emperor who once condescended to be born under the sign of the dog; and they have a beautiful race of cats which catch no mice, and are nursed and hugged by their ladies as ours nurse Blepharines and Skyes. They tame their rats and make them perform tricks; their fox is the symbol of the devil, and they have, moreover, a version of lycanthropy with a fox for our wolf; they shoe their horses with straw shoes, and have them led whenever they ride

abroad; they cage nightingales and other song birds, and they cage also a certain lovely night moth.

BONAPARTE A CANDIDATE FOR EMPLOYMENT IN THE ENGLISH SERVICE.—At the last ordinary meeting of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society the Rev. W. Gaskell read the following extract from a letter of the Rev. Thomas Belsham (dated Hackney, August 16, 1809), containing an account of a visit which he had just paid to the Duke of Grafton, in which the following passage occurs, and Mr. Gaskell wished to know whether any member of the society could confirm the statement made in it—"Admiral Cosby told me one circumstance which was curious. When he was Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, during the last war, at the time that we were in possession of Corsica, and when Sir Gilbert Elliot was Governor-General of the island, General Paoli introduced Bonaparte, then a young man, to the Governor and to the Admiral, as a friend of his own who would be glad to be employed in the service of England; but these wise men, not having Lavater's skill, rejected the proposal, which obliged Bonaparte to offer his services to the French, and this was the rise of Bonaparte's fortune. I had often heard that Bonaparte had offered his services to the English and been rejected, but I hardly gave credit to it till I learned it from Admiral Cosby himself." Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Roberts said that in their boyhood they had often heard a similar statement made, but were not aware on what authority it rested.

EXTRAORDINARY FOSSIL REMAINS.—There have lately been discovered in one of the limestone quarries of Oriseon, near Plymouth, the teeth, bones, and other remains of lions, tigers, elephants, rhinoceroses, horses, hyenas, and other animals. This discovery has created quite a sensation in the geological world. The extreme remoteness of the age when these animals existed in Britain may be judged from the fact that the cavern from which the fossils were extracted is situated in the solid rock in the cliff of a quarry which is about 1,000 feet from the edge of the sea. The cavern was 70 feet above the level of high water, and 35 feet below the surface of the field above, it was 20 feet long, 10 feet high, and about 10 feet wide. There was no aperture or other indication of its locality. Among the contents is the jaw of an animal of the horse species in stalagmite, exceedingly perfect. This is said to be the first ever found in stalagmite, and, if so, establishes facts and gives rise to theories entirely new in geology. The breakwater in the Sound is composed almost entirely of limestone worked from the Oreston quarries. The fossils are in the possession of Mr. Joseph, mineralogist, of Plymouth.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PROPERTIES OF THE TROUT'S SKIN.—The following remarks, by a correspondent of The Journal of the Photographic Society, are interesting in connection with the proceedings of the last meeting of the Liverpool Literary and Philosophical Society, sometime in March, at which the same phenomena were alluded to. The letter is addressed by Mr. W. R. Grove to Mr. Henry Follock: "Having caught a large trout, and being unprovided with a basket, I threw it down near a tree, and went on with my fishing. On taking it up about an hour afterwards, I observed that it was covered with large white patches. I had often previously noticed similar marks, and had considered them to arise from some disorder of the skin, but in this case I happened to have particularly noticed the fish when fresh out of the water, and was convinced that it was then perfectly free from these patches. On examining it more carefully, I thought I detected the forms of leaves and of some grass stalks in which it had been rolling, and this induced me to make an experiment on the next fish. I placed two leaves with serrated edges on each side of the fish, and then carefully laid it down, so that the under side was entirely excluded from, and the upper fully exposed to light. After about an hour I removed the leaves, and on the upper side was a distinct well-defined copy of the leaf, just such as we have all seen on photographic paper in the earlier stages of photography. On the under side, or that excluded from light, there was no change produced. The image of the leaf on the fish's skin was white or whitish on a dark ground; it seemed that the light had darkened all around except the spot protected by the leaf. I conclude the effect was photo-

graphic; the only doubt I have is, whether it might be an effect of drying and oxygenation; I think not, as the lower part was exposed to air, though not so freely as the upper, and the leaf on the upper part would be a very imperfect protector from air. I had, however, no opportunity of making further and more accurate experiments, and give you this for what it is worth. I believe trout are said to change their tints rapidly in different waters or different parts of the same stream. The analogy with 'tanning' or the effect of the sun on the human skin, is obvious, but the effect on the trout's skin is very different in rapidity, if not in kind. The trouts I experimented on were each of about two pounds weight, and of the pink variety. Probably the effect is not confined to trout—my namesake in Bond street may, by some paper on tinfoil letters, mark his name as a warranty on the fish he sells."

EXCAVATIONS IN ITALY.—The excavations now going on at the Necropolis of the ancient city of Preneste, near the modern town of Palestrina, twenty-five miles south-east of Rome, have been productive of the most interesting results. The property belongs to Prince Barberini, and the researches carried on by his orders have already brought to light an admirably wrought gold necklace in fine preservation, several bronze vases, richly ornamented, and other works in metal, among which are some interesting mirrors with engraved reverses. Utensils of various kinds have also been discovered, made of colored glass, alabaster, ivory, and even wood. Bronzes and terra cotta vases and utensils, arms and cups, interesting for the inscriptions they bear, have likewise been recently disinterred at the Necropolis of the ancient Etruscan city of Capena, about thirty miles from Rome, north of the Tiber.

CURRENTS AT SEA.—M. de la Ronce, an officer of the French navy, has recently invented a very simple instrument for calculating currents at any depth below the surface of the sea. It consists of a conical body, surmounted with a sort of weathercock fixed in a frame which supports a reometer; its shaft passes through a horizontal toothed wheel provided with a catch. It also carries a magnetic needle; and two conducting wires, attached to a voltaic pile on board the vessel establish a communication with two electro-magnets placed in the centre of the instrument. To use it, it is thrown into the sea, being first secured by a line to the flag halyard; the electric wires are unrolled as much as is necessary to enable the apparatus to sink to a given depth. After the experiment, the angle marked by the needle with the primitive position of the weathercock determines the direction of the current. [Galigani.]

A SILENT PRINTING OFFICE.—In the town of Zablagen, Wurttemberg, there has lately been opened a new printing establishment, by M. Theodore Helegard. All the compositors and pressmen are deaf and dumb, to the number of one hundred and sixty. Eleven of the former are women. They have all been educated at Mr. Helegard's own cost, to the employment they are now engaged in. The King has conferred on him a large gold medal for this great reclamation from the social and moral waste.

VESEVIUS AGAIN IN COMMOTION.—A letter from Naples, in the Milan *Gazzetta*, states that since the last great earthquake of 1857, the territory of the provinces visited by that calamity has been constantly subjected to shocks of more or less violence, the last having occurred in the month of March at Cosenza and Amatrice; while Mount Vesuvius, which has been vomiting flames for the last eight months, has now opened new craters pouring forth immense quantities of lava, which have already obstructed the road leading to the observatory in four different places.

THE AFRICAN MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.—The exploration effected by Captains Burton and Speke in Central Africa show that the supposed Mountains of the Moon are all "moon-skins;" for there are no indications of such mountains in the route they penetrated, though not far south of the reputed latitude of those mountains. The features of the country, of which a section was given on their map, exhibited the highest mountain that the travellers crossed to be not more than 5,000 feet high, and the Lake Ujiji was at an elevation of 1,800 feet.

FACETIAE.

OUGHT TO BE RELEASED.—A stump candidate for Congress during the canvass said:

"I helped to whip the British and the Indians. I have slept on the field of battle with no other covering than the canopy of heaven; I have walked over frozen ground till every footstep was marked with blood."

Just about this time, one of the "sovereigns" who had become very much affected by this tale of woe, walks up in front of the speaker, wiping the tears from his eyes with the extremity of his coat tail, and interrupting him, says:

"Did you say that you had fought the British and the Injines?"

"Yes," responded revolutionary.

"Did you say that you had slept on the ground while serving your country, without any kiver?"

"Yes, sir, I did."

"Did you say that you had followed the enemy of your country over frozen ground, till every footstep was covered with blood?"

"Yes," exultingly replied the speaker.

"Well, then," says the "sovereign,"

as he gave a sigh of painful emotion, "I think you've done enough for your country, and I'll vote for the other man!"

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—The other day a

Frenchman said to us:

"Vat you call dem tings vit long bills zat fly and make a noise, b-z-z?"

"Woodcocks," we replied.

"En bien! I kill'z is morning before mine breakfast twenty-five woodcock."

"Did you, by Jove! Where did you find them?"

"In mine chamber a cancher."

"Twenty-five woodcocks in your bed room! You must mean mosquitoes?"

"En bien! ze kill'z alone twenty-five moschetos!"

NO DOUBT OF IT.—There is an eastern story of a person who taught his parrot to repeat only these words: "What doubt is there of that?" He carried it to the market for sale, fixing its price at one hundred rupees. A Mogul asked the parrot:

"Are you worth one hundred rupees?"

"What doubt is there of that?"

The Mogul was delighted, and bought the bird. He soon found out that this was all it could say. Ashamed of his bargain, he said to himself:

"I was a fool to buy this bird."

The parrot exclaimed, as usual:

"What doubt is there of that?"

Not LIVING.—A lady meeting a girl who had lately left her service, inquired:

"Well, Mary, where do you live now?"

"Please, mam, I don't live now," replied the girl; "I am married."

OUT OF DANGER.—A Paris journal stated that a Deputy, condemned to death at Lyons, had attempted suicide, first by poison and then by the knife; "but," adds the editor, "medical assistance being promptly administered, he is now out of danger, and will to-morrow undergo the sentence of the law."

Sterne, who used his wife very ill, was one day talking to Garrick in a fine, sentimental manner in praise of conjugal love and fidelity.

"The husband," said Sterne, "who behaves unkindly to his wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head."

"If you think so," said Garrick, "I hope your house is insured."

A lady, after performing with the most brilliant execution, a sonata on the piano forte, in the presence of Dr. Johnson, turned to the philosopher, took the liberty of asking him if he was fond of music.

"No, madam," replied the doctor; "but of all ladies I think music is the least disagreeable."

The Abbe Maury, who had rendered himself obnoxious to the democrats during the French revolution, was one night seized by the mob, who looked around for a lamp-post to suspend him on.

"Pray, my good friends," said the Abbe, "were you to hang me to that lamp-post, do you think that you would see any clearer for it?"

This well-timed wit softened the rabble and saved his life.

M. Lalande, the French astronomer, during the whole time of the revolution, confined himself to the study of that science. When he found that he had escaped the fury of Robespierre, he joyously said, "I may thank my stars for it."

DRESSING FOR CHURCH.—A young lady who lately gave an order to a milliner for a bonnet, said: "You are to make it plain, and at the same time smart, as I sit in a conspicuous place in church."

"What a fine gentleman!" exclaimed a young lady, when walking out with her beau, at a slim six-footer passed by.

"Yes," retorted the beau, who was rather corpulent, "if he were much finer we should not be able to see him."

Most articles fluctuate in value, but it has generally been observed that pen, ink and paper are always *stationery*.

When does a clergyman resemble a man who is correct in what he says?—When he's a curate (*ac-surate*).

CATHOLIC INSTITUTIONS OF OUR METROPOLIS.

St. Vincent's Hospital in West Eleventh Street, Under the Charge of the Sisters of Charity.

Our last article on this Institution brought our readers through a portion of the main building, leaving, however, a very considerable and material part to be described in the present number of The Record, with which we shall conclude our account of the Hospital. We endeavored in a general way to describe the scene presented in the wards into which the upper stories are divided, and to explain to some extent the nature of the duties which the good Sisters were called upon to discharge. As we said they are not of the most agreeable character, for although it is a Christian obligation incumbent on all according to their circumstances and means, to take care of the sick in any of the various ways that may offer, yet there are few who are willing, even if they have the time and the opportunity, to fulfil the obligation by a personal attendance at the bed-side of the sick. Here in this ward are to be seen patients in almost every stage of consumption, some still buoyant and sanguine of their ultimate recovery, while others have long since lost all hope, and are rapidly fading away. The majority of the patients who enter the Hospital, are of this class, and on account of the incurable nature of the disease, they seldom leave it alive. In fact the large number of deaths which take place here every year is attributable to this circumstance, for although to those who look only at the seemingly excessive mortality, without inquiring into the cause, the Hospital may appear in a somewhat unfavorable light, yet it is nevertheless a fact that it will bear comparison with any institutions of the kind in the city, to several of which it is much superior in many respects. If the Sisters were actuated solely by worldly considerations it would be a very easy matter for them to do away with this wrong impression by refusing admission to consumptive patients, but this their religious obligations will not permit, for they must receive all except such cases as are infectious, and therefore liable to endanger the health of the other patients.

At the rear of the main building an additional structure has been added and it will be gratifying to those who got up the Fair, and those who contributed to its receipts, to learn that it was the money obtained from that source which enabled the Sisters thus to increase the efficiency of the institution. Such an addition was much needed, and although the outlay for this and other no less necessary purposes, consumed nearly the whole amount obtained from the enterprize alluded to, the benefits which have resulted therefrom cannot be measured by mere pecuniary calculations. The new building has this advantage over the old one that it was designed for its present use, while the main edifice was employed as an orphan asylum by another branch of the Sisters of Charity. It is specially adapted, therefore, to the accommodation of the sick, and is provided with all that is necessary for the treatment of the various diseases with which they are afflicted. It is heated throughout with Gold's patent, lighted with gas, and as pure air is an important desideratum it is admirably ventilated. It is four stories high, each floor being divided into wards and private rooms. The lower part of the building is used for domestic purposes, and exhibits the same neatness, the same order and cleanliness which are observable throughout the whole institution. The second floor is set apart for those who are convalescent, and on the occasion of our visit it was occupied by a large number of this class of patients. On the floor above this there were some painful cases resulting from accidental causes, such as burns, scalds, &c. One of these was of a peculiarly distressing character. It was that of a young woman who had been burned by the explosion of a camphene lamp some time last October, and who has been obliged to lie ever since in the one position on account of the nature and locality of her injuries. The severity of her sufferings has evidently rendered her an object of more than usual commiseration among the good Sisters, who have done everything that constant care and kind treatment could effect towards alleviating them.

"I am come," said the Reverend Mother,

when we entered the ward where this patient was lying, "to give you a scolding."

"Oh, indeed," said the poor sufferer, turning her head as much as her position would allow; "oh, indeed," said she, "you never scold me."

And if this patient lives, she will never forget the active sympathy and the true Christian charity which she has received at the hands of the good Sisters, and to which the feeble but expressive reply she made to the remark of the Reverend Mother was to us a more eloquent tribute than the greatest orator could pronounce. Let us add that although she was so dreadfully burned that her case was at one time considered hopeless, she is now, thanks to the unremitting care and attention she has received, in a fair way to recover, and will, we trust, be able at no distant day to rejoin her friends, and again become a useful member of society.

In the same ward with this patient, there were others who were suffering from the effects of scalds, bruises, &c., and whose acute pain was indicated by the half suppressed moans which at times broke upon the ear. Here also, as in the other wards, the Sisters were moving about, administering to their wants, or engaged in those various little services for the sick which only woman in her quiet, gentle way knows so well how to perform. It was a scene that might touch the feelings of the most callous, and extort from the most prejudiced, a tribute to the divine character of that religion which in its own practical way inculcates lessons of such self-abnegation and noble devotion as mere human benevolence can never hope to attain.

On this floor there is a small-dining room or refectory in which those patients who are not confined to their beds take their meals, and there is, it may well be supposed, no small amount of congratulation indulged in when a new patient is so far recovered as to be able to leave the ward for this agreeable operation. Then there are baths all throughout the building, and private rooms like those we have already mentioned, for such patients as desire to be more secluded than they could be if treated in a ward.

The Operating room is on the fourth story, and is provided with everything required in the surgical department of the Institution. Here is a little press in which are kept the bandages, lint, dressing and whatever else is necessary—but it would be a tedious task to enumerate all the details, and as our readers would, we have no doubt, rather be spared such a minute statement, we shall not enter upon it here. The science of surgery, though in itself so important and so necessary, is not suggestive of the most pleasant reflections, and has more charms for the scientific than the general reader, in whose mind it is indissolubly connected with amputated limbs and other equally disagreeable subjects.

We have now, we believe, fulfilled our promise by giving our readers a view of the interior of St. Vincent's Hospital and explaining the manner in which it is conducted by the Sisters, under whose charge it has been placed. There are, doubtless, many details which could be added, but which would only serve to complicate without increasing the interest of the subject. Before leaving it, however, we desire to add a few words to what has been already said. We learn from the last annual report that the number of patients in the Hospital on the 1st of January of the present year was fifty-six, and that the receipts amounted to \$10,294, while the expenses were \$10,718 87, leaving a balance of \$426 87 on the wrong side of the account. We have said that heavy expenses were incurred by the erection of an additional building and for other purposes, but we must not forget to state also that there are a very considerable number of the patients who pay nothing for their support, while the three dollars a week paid by each of the others is far from being sufficient to defray the individual expenses of all the patients. Some of these poor creatures are sent to the Hospital by their relatives or friends, who, to the disgrace of human nature, afterwards abandon them leaving them entirely dependent upon the Sisters, although they may be themselves abundantly able to pay for their support. We believe cases of this kind are few in number, but for the credit of humanity we sincerely wish there were none to record. It is, however, too true, and the poor patients who are thus abandoned by their friends are, as we have

said, maintained by the Sisters at the expense of the Institution.

In conclusion, we should state that the gen-tlemen composing the Medical Board give their services gratuitously, and that they are regular in their attendance, and most skillful in their treatment of the sick.

HOLY WEEK IN OUR METROPOLIS.

Decorations of the Altars on Maundy Thursday and Easter Sunday.

The Ceremonies in the Eternal City.

MAUNDY THURSDAY.

In THE RECORD of the 16th we gave a detailed account of the ceremonies of Holy Week, omitting, however, those observed in Rome, an omission which we now propose to supply. As the observance of Palm Sunday has no feature peculiar to Rome, we will pass it over and commence with *Maundy Thursday*. The ceremonies of this day have regard to the institution of the Blessed Sacrament, therefore the gloom of the last week of Lent is modified to express thanksgiving for this unspeakable blessing; the ornaments of the altar are veiled in white, the candles are of white wax, and the vestments of the officiating priests are of the same festal color.

More than three centuries ago, in the year 1540, the Pauline Chapel was built by Pope Paul the Third, and in it the Repository for the Holy Sacrament is prepared. The decorations are all that taste and devotion could desire, and the sacred edifice is illuminated by six hundred wax lights. Hither the Pope bears the Blessed Sacrament in procession through the kneeling multitude, incense burning before him, and the choir chanting the beautiful *Pange Lingua*. Arrived at the altar the Pontiff perfumes the Holy Sacrament. It is then placed in the Repository, the door of which is locked and the key given in charge to the Grand Penitentiary. When the ceremonies in the Pauline Chapel are concluded, the Pope proceeds to the gallery at the front of St. Peter's, and bestows the Papal benediction upon the people. After this the ancient custom of washing the feet is observed—a custom so ancient that it goes back to apostolic times, and so wide-spread that it obtained in every Christian nation. St. Paul speaks of it in his first epistle to Timothy, and St. Augustine, in the commencement of the fifth century, in his epistle to Januarius, says it had been laid aside in several churches in consequence of the people believing it to be a sort of baptism. This error, or rather mistake, had a transient existence, and when it died out the practice was resumed, especially on this anniversary day. In Rome the Pope washes the feet of thirteen priests, this number representing, according to some, the twelve Apostles and Mary Magdalene; others say that the thirteenth represents St. Paul; others, that it is intended for Matthias; whilst some will have it to represent the host at whose house Christ celebrated the festival with the apostles, and who, they say, had his feet also washed on that occasion by the Saviour. The object of the ceremony, then, is two-fold; first, to preserve the recollection of interesting facts by continuing ancient usages; and secondly, to give the Pontiff this opportunity of learning and practising a lesson of humility taught by his Divine Master.

We will now proceed to give our readers a general idea of the appearance and decorations of the churches on Maundy Thursday. As on that day our Saviour instituted the Blessed Eucharist, the Church, overjoyed at this ineffable proof of love, forgets, as it were, for a moment, the coming sorrow in the present joy, and thus amid the mournful sadness of the week there is a gleam of sunshine. And well may the Church, while saddened with the consciousness of His approaching death, exult and be glad that His love "surpassing the love of woman" had found a way of being present with her in all times and in all emergencies, "even to the consummation of the world." To this we owe the festal appearance of a portion of each church in this solemn week, while the rest is enveloped in gloom like to the shadow of death.

Having premised this much in order that our non-Catholic readers may understand the solemn significance of this apparent anomaly in our churches, the hidden meaning of this startling contrast of joy and sorrow, we will endeavor to describe a few of the churches which we had an opportunity of visiting, and

which may be considered as giving an accurate idea of the whole. We do not pretend to describe every detail, but rather to convey an impression of the general effect. In some churches the Blessed Sacrament was placed in a Repository, or "Holy Sepulchre," as the faithful love to call it, fitted up in the basement for its reception; but all were distinguished by the same characteristics, all gave outward evidence of the inward gladness of the Church "for the mighty boon conferred on her children in this divine institution."

The first church we visited had the repository fitted up at the side altar. Above the altar was a lofty canopy of white and gold, fluted with richly embroidered lace, while from the edge fell a deep border of the same, and the interior of this canopy was embossed with pure white roses that diverged like rays from a central bouquet of the same fair flowers. Underneath the lace border of which we have spoken, there was attached to the canopy lace curtains that reached to the floor, leaving the front open, and enveloping the sides like a transparent veil. On each end of the altar was arranged branches for lights, each branch composed of three semi-circular rows, in which were a number of wax candles rising above each other, and as the lower semi-circle projected considerably, and the other two gradually receded, the effect of the sloping lights was very beautiful. This was further enhanced by the glass drops that depended from the under side of the semi-circle, and the glancing of the sparry substance wherewith the whole was encrusted. These side branches were connected by a glittering arch that swept over the tabernacle, spanning it like a luminous rainbow. The tabernacle itself, which was covered with white satin embroidered with gold, was ennobled amid a mass of rare and fragrant flowers, products of the garden and the hot-house, clusters of stately white lilies and camellias interspersed with crimson roses and deep-toned violets arranged in vases of exquisite form and finish. On the steps and round the front of the altar were ranged a profusion of flowers and geraniums in white china flower-pots banded with gold, and further back, half hidden amid the folds of the lace drapery, were shrubs and evergreens, the lustreless lignumvita contrasting with the glancing laurel and arbutus.

There is no sight more solemn and suggestive in Catholic worship than these brilliantly lighted Repositories, crowded with earnest worshippers keeping watch by the "place where they have laid Him;" and as we looked upon the kneeling crowd who had deserted the high altar around which they are accustomed to assemble, we thought how much of reality there is, to the most uneducated Catholic, in the ceremonies which our separated brethren are so prone to slight and misunderstand.

Among the very many exhibitions of good taste it was our fortune to witness, there was one in an humble edifice in the upper portion of the city that might have challenged the efforts of an older and wealthier congregation. The part of the Church allotted to the "Depository" was neatly arranged in the form of a tent, under whose flowing folds a chaste and highly ornamented altar was erected; over this altar, resting on four delicate columns and tapering to the roof, was a light canopy, whose snowy whiteness was brought into effect by trimmings of gold set off with leaves; from the point or peak drooped a bunch of lilies, and along the base or cornice hung festoons of red and white rose-buds, which, falling in graceful profusion over the sides, entwined themselves vine-like around the pillars; rows of tulips and roses also gave a happy relief to the smaller curtains enclosing the Depository; the interior of the latter was all rich in white, green and gold, while the tabernacle, (where rested the sacred Host,) like the altar, was of the purest white and gold, and was appropriately and elegantly encircled with clusters of wheat, grapes and lilies, symbols at once of the purity of our Lord and the miraculous changing of the bread and wine. Filling up the space between rows of tapers were vases of natural flowers whose rich perfumes, mingling with the aroma of the incense, touched even the senses with the solemnity of the hour. From the summit, fastened by a star of brilliants, emblematic of the star of Bethlehem, curtains of gauze fell so as to cover and give a subdued expression to the whole. A neat railing and flowers of every rare and pleasing kind scattered around in the most tasty manner, com-

pleted one of the most really handsome sights of the day. All praise is due to the generous ladies who devoted themselves to getting up the affair, and the disadvantage of a new parish and very limited means, only make their success the more gratifying. When a finer church will have replaced the present temporary one, it will be our pleasant duty to note their greater triumphs in the *METROPOLITAN RECORD*, as they have and will be marked to their account in the *Eternal one*.

In another church, the altar in the basement was fitted up as a Repository. A fall of lace arranged in a semi-elliptical shape, hung pendant from the ceiling, around the top of which ran a wreath of roses, and draperies of rich lace fell on each side of the altar. The tabernacle was covered with white satin, embroidered in gold, and on each side vases of flowers were placed, tier above tier. Above the altar, a white satin scroll trimmed with gold fringe, bore the following text from the Gospel of St. John, in gold letters:

"BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD, BEHOLD HE WHO TAKETH AWAY THE SINS OF THE WORLD."

On the white satin cloth that covered the front of the altar, a representation of the Ciborium was embroidered in gold, and on the steps and around the sides of the altar were placed rare and beautiful natural flowers. Among these, in every possible space, were set the lights—in among the green leaves and the rainbow-colored flowers, and far away, at most at the back of the altar, they shone with a subdued light through the draperies that fell around. On each side of the altar were placed two pillars, wreathed with ivy, the dark green glossy leaf of which contrasted beautifully with the white shaft it clung to. On each pillar was a kneeling seraph with bowed head, and face turned towards the mercy seat.

In another church which we visited a temporary altar was fitted up in the side aisle as a repository. A background was formed by a screen covered with white satin overlaid with lace and sprinkled with tiny bouquets of white and crimson roses, green sprays and purple violets, and the white satin cloth that hung in front of the altar was dotted with gold. The white satin that fell like a curtain over the tabernacle was trimmed with small white flowers, and the arch of the tabernacle was spanned by a wreath of the same pure looking blossoms. Vases of flowers and lights were arranged in profusion on each side of the altar, and in the centre, before the tabernacle, was placed an exquisite basket of the rarest flowers. The steps of the altar were filled with pots containing natural flowers that sent forth a most delicious perfume.

In another church the repository was formed like a throne, in which the Blessed Sacrament was placed, and covered with a large beautiful crown. Before it palm leaves, richly carved and gilded, were arranged in the form of a triumphal arch, in the centre of which was a lamb—the whole emblematic of Christ's entrance into Jerusalem through palm-strewed pathways and amid shouts of triumph. On either side were placed statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, and as those figures were as large as life the effect was solemn and impressive, bringing before the Christian mind the history of the Holy Family. Mary and Joseph stood by to testify, as it were, that the Redeemer was not now lost as once in Jerusalem, but only veiling His divinity through love to man. A great quantity of flowers gave a life-like look to the repository, adding by their natural beauty and fragrance, a charm which art can never equal, and taste can never supply.

In the next church which we visited the altar in the basement was fitted up a repository, and from the ceiling depended a rich, short fall of lace, arranged so as to form a square-shaped covering, inside of which light gossamer clouds of pink and white lace were suspended in festoons; heavy lace curtains fell from the ceiling to the floor, shading the altar at each side, but in front the curtains were looped up, displaying to view the beauty and taste of the decorations. The pillars at each side were covered with lace, and dark green ivy twined around them. On each side of the tabernacle were vases of exquisite flowers, and the lights were beautifully arranged, forming an arch over the altar. On the steps and around the foot of the altar flowers from the garden and the greenhouse flung their delicious perfume around, and each side was bounded by a perfect hedge of evergreens.

The Repository, which was fitted up in the basement of another Church, was formed by pillars wreathed alternately in white and blue, and white and pink lace curtains fell around it, which were confined by wreaths of grape-leaves. Flowers and lights, were disposed on the altar and round the tabernacle, and on the steps of the altar, were flowering shrubs and evergreens.

As our readers might desire to know how a community of Religious decorate their Repository and observe Holy Thursday, we shall endeavor to describe both in as brief a manner as possible. At the termination of the Mass on Holy Thursday a procession was formed to accompany the Blessed Sacrament to the place prepared for its reception. The Religious, as is the custom on festival days, wore their white choir cloaks and carrying lighted tapers, left their stalls and knelt two by two in the centre of the chapel, the line reaching from the altar steps to the entrance. At the first note of the *Pange Lingua all rose*, genuflected simultaneously to the Blessed Sacrament, and then turning moved onward. First came the Novices, with their white veils, the emblem of innocence; next the Professed Lay Sisters, distinguished from the Choir Religious by their snow-white aprons; then the professed Choir Sisters, and last the Sisters who sung the praises of the Blessed Sacrament. The Acolytes immediately preceded the priest who bore the Sacred Hosts, scattering clouds of incense from the thurible as they passed along. The Sacred Host having been placed with devout reverence in the Repository, the morning devotions ended for seculars, but the whole space in front of the Repository was filled by the Sisters, and come when you might during the day it was always so occupied. If Protestants wish to have an idea of the beauty of the Catholic doctrine of the Real Presence, let them visit a convent on such a day as this. But we must not forget to describe the Repository, and first let us say a word about the variety in design and ornament which the ingenuity of the loving Sisters has enabled them to display on such occasions. Last year the imitation of the rock-hewn sepulchre was as perfect as it was possible to imagine; the low, narrow entrance, with the jessamine and the ivy twining round it; the rough grey stones projecting from the roof and sides brought vividly before the mind the "new sepulchre wherein no man had yet been laid." This year it was literally a "garden tomb," a light dome of white and gold, surmounted by a cross which almost touched the ceiling, rested on six slender white pillars, and beneath it was the altar tomb in which our Lord reposed. Of what materials the sarcophagus was composed we cannot say, but its color was a beautiful ultra-marine laid with gold. From the shaft of each column projected a gilt candelabrum containing six wax lights; and in front suspended from the ceiling jets of gas, with reflectors affixed, cast a softened radiance on the whole, which added greatly to the effect. Round each column were entwined the foliage and flowers of some beautiful climbing plant—the fuchsia, with its drooping crimson blossoms, the snow-white rose, the ivy, with its dark red berries, the delicate jessamine and the graceful vine. The sarcophagus, from the cross on the top to the gilded steps on which it stood, was covered with flowers, and they were strewn with lavish but graceful profusion all over the altar, drooping even to the ground. Yet these, lovely and life-like, as they seemed, were only the work of Art, but Nature, too, had contributed her choicest offerings—tall, fair, Egyptian lilies, the rich red rose, the snowy azalea, hyacinths, wall-flowers, geraniums in endless variety filled the air with their perfume, while gilded candelabra, glittered here and there among the leaves and blossoms. On the facade of the altar was a painting of the Dead Christ, of Him who was truly resting there, amid that wilderness of lights, and bloom, and fragrance, to Whom the sweetest flowers were the living ones, now kneeling round Him, some of whom had spent the long hours of night in laboring to prepare His little sanctuary.

EASTER SUNDAY.

There are three festivals in the year on which the Pope celebrates High Mass in St. Peter's; Easter Sunday, Christmas day, and the festival of SS. Peter and Paul. His Holiness is accompanied to the church by a procession which passes through files of grenadiers, national troops and capitoline guards,

the choristers meanwhile intoning the prophetic promise of our Saviour to His church, in the person of the Prince of the Apostles, *Tu es Petrus*, &c. "Thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," &c. On reaching the Chapel of the Holy Sacrament the Pope descends from his chair, and laying aside his tiara kneels in adoration before the Sacred Host; then, after a short time spent in prayer, resumes his tiara and is borne to the altar. The large fans or *fabelli* used in these processions serve a higher purpose than that of ornament; they keep alive the remembrance of ancient usage, and have beside a mystic meaning. The ancient custom which they recall to mind is the use of a fan or brush of peacock's feathers at each side of the altar, during mass, to keep the place free from insects, and their mystical meaning is adverted to by Hildebert, Bishop of Tours, who says they should not only drive away insects but banish distractions from the mind of him who offered up the Holy Sacrifice. "The eyes in the peacock's feathers of which they are composed, admonish the Pontiff that a general observation is fixed upon him and show the necessity of circumspection in his own conduct." Nor was this custom peculiar to the Latin Church, for "in the East they performed the fans in many places like the winged seraphim, and used to add several other mystic lessons to those here touched upon." The procession dates back to the early age of the church, and was the usual mode of conveying a bishop to celebrate High Mass. The ecclesiastical writers of the third century speak of its solemnity and even of its splendor.

Nothing can be imagined finer or more striking than the contrast of ecclesiastical, civic and military costumes observable in a solemn Pontifical procession; the cardinals in their peculiar dresses, the bishops with cope and mitre, the generals of the religious orders in their respective habits, the mitred abbots, the court functionaries in their splendid dresses, the Governor of Rome, the officers of the guard of nobles in their glittering uniforms, the choristers in violet cassocks and white surplices, and the private chaplains with red cappas and ermine hoods.

After Mass has been offered up the Pope blesses the multitude from the front of St. Peter's, as on Maundy Thursday, and to use the words of Bishop England, "whilst the Cardinal Dean, in the name of the Sacred College, felicitates the successor of St. Peter on the recurrence of the festival, the sounds of martial music and the joyous roar of artillery scarcely permit the emulate bells sometimes to make their gratulating peals heard, as they mingle in celebrating the glorious resurrection." Though no city in the Catholic world can compete with Rome in the grandeur and extent of its churches, or the splendor of its ceremonial, yet on this day, wheresoever Catholics are found, whether in polar wilds or Tartar deserts, or American solitudes, hiding from persecution in Annam or openly celebrating their mysteries in Abyssinia, among the island savages of the Pacific, or the cultivated intellects of the Old World; in every place, and land, and clime, the festal appearance of their churches indicate the anniversary of a triumphant festival; everywhere the festival of the Resurrection is celebrated with joyous splendor when that is practicable, and with glad hearts when circumstances forbid any outward indication. In our city every temple of Catholic worship, profusely ornamented and brilliantly illuminated, gave evidence of the joy and gladness felt by the universal Church in the resurrection of its crucified Lord.

In order that our readers who reside at a distance from the city may be enabled to form some idea, however faint and inadequate, of the beauty of our churches on that glorious festival, we shall describe the appearance and decorations of a few.

The following is a specimen of the Convent Chapels, but we cannot hope to convey an idea of the perfection of the arrangements and the beauty of the whole. The High Altar, which is formed somewhat like a cathedral, with pinnacles and spires, towers upwards to the lofty gothic arches, bearing on its summit the Emblem of Salvation. Under the cross, or about midway, in a deep niche, stands a statue of the Blessed Virgin. Outside the sanctuary are two side altars, one bearing the statue of St. Joseph, the other St. Catherine of Sienna, which were glowing with flowers and

dazzling with lights, while shrubs of every shade of green clustered around the pillar-like Paschal candle stationed near the latter. But the High Altar, with its myriad lights shining through clouds of incense with softened effulgence, forced the beholders, as it were, to concentrate all their attention on that point. Flowers were disposed about the tabernacle, which appeared to mount upward and wreath themselves around each projecting ledge and tapering pinnacle, while higher up, further than bud or blossom ever climbed, crept the ivy, winding around every spire, bridging every chasm, and climbing from point to point and from pinnacle to pinnacle, until it reached the cross, around which it wound its flexible stem and dark green glancing leaves. On the credence tables were placed magnificent candelabra, which poured a flood of light on the altar, revealing its covering of exquisite lace and rare embroidery. That beautiful Convent Chapel, with its appearance of joyous festivity, its curiously carved Gothic stalls occupied by white-veiled novices and nuns in their long flowing black robes, floating black veils and white choir cloaks, with the solemn tones of the organ rolling round the vaulted roof and blending with the sweet, according voices of the Sisters, forcibly reminded one of the medieval times, and formed a scene to be long remembered.

On the High Altar of another church was placed two magnificent Munich statues of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, around which were trained large white lilies, from the centre of which issued jets of light, encircling the statuary like a halo. Two splendid candelabra, supported by angels with outspread wings, and surmounted by a rich cluster of lights that reflected a dazzling radiance on the mixed white and gold of the High Altar, and showed distinctly every leaf and flower and bud in the curiously shaped and richly painted vases, added not a little to the beautiful effect. The altar of the Blessed Virgin was decked with natural flowers, exquisite and fragrant.

In one of those which we visited, the Tabernacle, instead of rounding on the top like an arch, narrowed gradually, step by step, and on each step was placed a tiny vase filled with small crimson flowers, while in the center stood the crucifix almost hidden behind a wreath of white flowers and pale green leaves. Three gigantic bouquets of white roses, lilies and camellias, arranged pyramidal in rich and massive vases, were placed on each side of the Tabernacle, and back of it stood a statue of the Blessed Virgin, at whose feet was clustered the spotless Lily of the Nile. Pots of natural flowers of every hue, from the delicate japonica to the sweet smelling gillyflower, were ranged on each side; lights shone from every available space and round the semi-circle which crowned the altar streamed several jets of gas. At either end of the altar were placed pots of deep crimson oleanders.

We will close our account of the decorations of the churches with a brief description of one of those in the lower part of the city. No expense seems to have been spared in the embellishment of the altar, on which the most artistic taste was displayed. Natural and artificial flowers were harmoniously blended, and the tabernacle was wreathed with white and crimson roses. Above the tabernacle was a large branching candelabrum that shed a brilliant glow on the pyramids of snowy flowers, azaleas, roses and japonicas, that clustered on each step and lit up the pictured representation of the Garden of Gethsemane, at the back of the altar. On each side of this solemn painting sprang up tall rose trees, whose bright glowing flowers and delicate green leaves were in striking contrast with the sombre character of that mountain garden.

We cannot conclude this article without complimenting the ladies of the different churches on the taste and elegance evinced in the decorations. The arrangements of the lights and ornaments, the artistic grouping of the flowers and the harmonious blending of the whole reflect great credit on all who aided in this praiseworthy and pious task.

Cost of the Poor in England.—Under the Poor Law system, England bestows on 1 in 29 of her population, taking one day with another, relief to the extent of about 4d. a day, making in the aggregate £6,000,000 a year. This is perhaps not more than 2 per cent. on the income of all classes.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

DOMESTIC.

THE CHURCH AND THE INTELLECT.—It is a sight to provoke contempt, that of a little, narrow-minded infidel, who complains that the dogmatism of the Church cramps intellectual activity. The poor man does not understand the intrinsic nature of a gooseberry; yet he fears that if he is not allowed to doubt as to his own origin, nature and destiny, as to the Being and attributes of God, the relations between Creator and creature, his spirit may suffocate for want of space in which to vent its energies? The utter absurdity of this objection to the Church, is apparent from two points of view. First, because after all which the Church makes sure by her teaching, there is enough left to speculate about; and secondly, because in what she does teach she does not cramp, but exercise intellectual activity. The Church makes us sure of our origin, duties and destiny—of the nature and attributes of God, and his dealings with men—but leaves all the details of material creation to be investigated. We are perfectly free to find out what we can of the stars, the earth, the material elements, the history of nations, the mechanism of all that is about us, and surely here is field enough for doubt and discussion. Mathematics, mechanics, astronomy, geology, chemistry, botany, conchology, languages, living and dead, historical events, music, painting, sculpture, all furnish infinite topics of speculation, doubt and ignorance. We have heard an interesting debate on the subject of a Greek root, and seen displayed a praiseworthy amount of ignorance on the facts of almost contemporary history. Among those who accept all the teachings of the Church, there is no lack of subjects for ignorance and error.

What stupid perversion of reason can look upon the authority of the Church as cramping the freedom of thought, it is hard to see. The Church teaches us the truth concerning things on which our destiny hinges, makes us sure of what is true what false, what good, what evil. Professors of the different branches of human learning are not commonly said to cramp the freedom of the pupils they instruct. True, when the pupil does not know that "homo" means "man," he has the liberty of ignorance to conjecture some other meaning for it; but no one esteems that a desirable liberty. In like manner the Church, by her authoritative teaching, does not take away intellectual activity, but gives it scope, exercise, and its end—Truth.

Catholic Telegraph and Advocate.

APPROPRIATIONS BY THE LOUISIANA LEGISLATURE FOR CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.—The last session of the Louisiana Legislature, appropriated \$25,000 for various benevolent institutions. Amongst those who shared in the appropriation, and from whose names we recognize their Catholic character, we extract the following from the list given in the New Orleans Commercial Bulletin:—St. Elizabeth's House of Industry, New Orleans, \$2,000; St. Joseph's German Catholic Asylum, Fourth district, \$2,000; Sister Regis' Female Orphan Asylum, \$3,000; Hospital at Donaldsville, \$1,500; Catholic Ladies' Charitable Association of Baton Rouge, \$1,000; Mason de Cinq-Plaies, Jefferson City, \$1,000.

ARRIVAL IN THE UNITED STATES OF AN EXILED BISHOP OF MEXICO.—His Excellency, Monseñor La Bastida, Bishop of Puebla, in Mexico, came passenger by the Isabel from Havana on Tuesday, 12th inst. He was immediately waited upon by the Right Rev. Bishop of the diocese, who tendered to him the hospitalities of his episcopal residence during his stay; but the anxiety of the prelate to reach Baltimore before Palm Sunday caused him to take his departure for the North by the next train.

This distinguished Bishop is another of the victims of Mexican Liberalism. He was summarily arrested and banished without form of trial or the shadow of a charge against him. The same thing was done to the Bishop of Monterey; but the latter was guilty of an offence which Liberalism never pardons, and he received official notice of the same. The Liberal chiefs waited on him and demanded a forced loan of us for we forget how many thousand dollars.

The good Bishop replied that they had always despised him in such a way that he had not the hundredth part of the amount to give, and that if he had it, he would never of his own accord sacrifice the patrimony of the poor. For this refusal to gratify the cupidity of the Liberal thieves, he was driven into exile.

The revolutionary nomenclature of Mexico is somewhat singular, and to honest men utterly unintelligible. We regret to see that it is

fast creeping into our American vocabulary—thanks to those enlightened guides of public opinion, the newspaper editors! They have there a party called "Liberal" because it deprives men of their money, personal liberty, and even the right of their native land, for daring to have an opinion of their own; or it may be, because it robs individuals, corporations, and churches of their wealth, and out of the same dispenses liberally the wages of iniquity to its hirelings. Another party is called the "Church party" because violation of personal liberty, riot and bloodshed, and above all, the robbing of churches, form no part of their platform and principles. These names may be etymologically justified, perhaps, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle; but on moral grounds they are not so easily justifiable, for the highest of all authorities forbids us, under whatever pretext, to call evil, good.

[Charleston Miscellany, 16th inst.]

We learn from the *Baltimore Mirror* of the 23d instant that the exiled Bishop had arrived in that city by the Bay line from Norfolk. He reached Norfolk by railroad from Charleston, where he touched on his way from Havana. He was cordially received by the Most Rev. Archbishop; and on the next day he edified us, says *The Mirror*, by his presence in the Sanctuary of the Cathedral during the long service peculiar to Palm Sunday. He will doubtless make a brief sojourn among us before continuing his journey northward.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF A CATHOLIC CLERGYMAN IN CANADA.—The Catholic of St. Thomas have been thrown into an unusual state of excitement by an attempt which has been made to assassinate Father Fracan, the Catholic pastor of that place, on the 15th inst. In the affidavit which the reverend gentleman has since made, he makes the following statement:

That the house in which I reside is about one hundred feet from the church in which I officiate. That on the evening of the first day of the present month of April, at about half past 9 o'clock, I heard a noise in said church; upon hearing which I went from my house; where I then was, over to the church the door of which I had found been forcibly opened; on hearing me two men ran out, one of whom I seized and attempted to detain, whereupon he turned upon me, and after a slight scuffle, in which he appeared to be trying to get something out of a coat pocket, seized me by the throat. The noise by this time had alarmed some of the neighbors, one of whom appearing the man escaped.

That about midnight on the same night a number of people—I could not say how many—appeared about my house, and a number of stones were thrown by them into my windows, two of such stones striking me, and also breaking a number of panes of glass in the house.

On the night of the second day of the present month a number of stones were thrown into my house, breaking several panes of glass. And again, on the night of the fourth, the same thing was repeated. Nothing further occurred until the night of the fifteenth instant. On that night I was awakened about midnight by a noise at the door of my bedroom, supposing this noise to be made by my dogs, I called to them. I afterwards got up, and opened my bedroom door, but saw no one. I then crossed the passage to the room of two young men, students, living in the house, asked for a candle, which I obtained, and then proceeded down stairs. On reaching the basement, I found the kitchen door open. It was usually locked. I crossed the kitchen to the outer kitchen door. This was also unlocked. It struck me that there must be strangers in the house, and I commenced searching. I was in the act of looking behind the kitchen door, when two men sprang out of a dark passage behind me upon me. The candle was struck from my hand, and my arms instantly seized by these men, one of whom, on the instant, stabbed me in the breast, just below the region of the heart, with a knife. The force of the blow knocked me down. The men then escaped through the kitchen door. The students I have mentioned heard the noise, and came down stairs. On examining the wound it was found that the course of the knife had been stopped by the fourth rib, against which it struck. On searching it was found that the assailants had entered by a window in the kitchen, and had then unlocked the doors. No trace has been found of them.

CONSECRATION.—The Right Rev. Bishops Elect, the Conjuror of Nashville (Bishop of Moropelis in Mesopotamia) James Whelan, and Vicar-Apostolic of Nebraska Territory, O'Gorman, the former a Dominican, the latter a Cistercian, both men of great purity of life and adorned with the virtues and qualities that marked them for the high office, will be consecrated in the Cathedral by the Most Rev. R. P. Kenrick, Archbishop of St. Louis, on the second Sunday after Easter.

[Catholic Telegraph, April 23.]

THE ARCHBISHOP OF OREGON IN SAN FRANCISCO.—Archbishop Blanchett, of Oregon, Bishop Demers, of Victoria, V. I., and Very Rev. Mr. Brouillet, of Washington Territory, arrived in this city on Thursday, in the

steamer *Northerner*, from Vancouver Island and Oregon.

Rev. Mr. Morris and Rev. Mr. Cotter, late of All Hallows College, Ireland, arrived in this city on Tuesday, by the Golden Age from Panama. [San Francisco Monitor, April 22.]

FOREIGN.

FATHER FELIX ON THE PAPACY AND CIVILIZATION.—The Lent sermons, or *conférences*, at the Church of Notre Dame, Paris, were preached by Father Felix, of the Society of Jesus. The reputation of the preacher attracted large audiences, and his discourses produced great effect. One of the most remarkable was that on the Papacy, to which the important question of the day gave particular interest. One of the closing passages in the sermon was to this effect: The Papacy is not only the key-stone of the social world; it is not only the strong bulwark which protects order against anarchy, and society against revolution; the Papacy, maintained through the course of age by the obedience, respect and love of Christian nations, is more than a rampart which defends us, and a buckler which covers us—it is like the car which bears us; it is the triumphal chariot which has borne along with us for 19 centuries the civilization and the progress of the Christian world. Thus, I do not hesitate to declare loudly, who-soever conspires against the Papacy conspires against humanity itself. Whosoever attacks it attacks you—you, who wish for the conservation of society, order, civilization, and progress; and whatever be the authority on earth that attempts to subdue it or to uproot it only uproots and debases itself. The pontiff, whoever he may be, Consul, King, or Emperor, who shall dare to lower that noble majesty in order to exalt himself upon it, shall experience by avenging retribution the visitation of the Divine wrath, and the scorn of mankind shall fall back upon his brow. On the other hand, the Power that shall give to that authority, with the buckler of his force and the devotion of his heart, the honor of his respect and his obedience, shall receive with the prestige of the greatest authority the united blessing of Heaven and of earth. The devoted and respectful daughter of this Mother of Christian Nations, she shall place her filial hand in this maternal hand, and shall march with it, to the aggrandizement of souls and to the progress of ages.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL.—The northern tower of the Cologne Cathedral is now slowly and gradually rising, and the restoration of the half-finished southern tower has been commenced. The building of the buttresses has so far progressed that in the course of the summer the construction of the roof may be commenced, and the rafters filled up with the vaultings. There will then remain only the two towers of this magnificent edifice to be completed.

[Bulletin.]

CARDINAL WISEMAN'S TRIBUTE TO THE FAITH OF IRELAND.—In "Cardinal Wiseman's Tour in Ireland," a work recently published by James Duffy, the Catholic publisher of Dublin, is the following beautifully expressed tribute to the unswerving fidelity of Irishmen to the Catholic religion:

"I know," said his Eminence, "what those will say who smile at all such ideas, and think that I am speaking with prejudiced warmth and enthusiasm about what by them is regarded as an evil. They will say, 'Well, the Catholic religion has taken deep root in Ireland as a weed would do which it is difficult, by any cultivation, to pluck up and eradicate.' But I, my brethren, accept that simile, and bless God that it is so, and I will say why. There is not a plant, however precious and valuable to man, which is not somewhere the indigenous growth of the land. There is not a grain which you cultivate in your fields—not a tree that blossoms in your orchard—not a flower that blooms and yields sweet odour in your gardens, which somehow does not belong to the soil, and can no more be eradicated thence than the brier or thistle from its native place. Such I believe to be faith in this country. It is the soil of the soil itself; and beautiful indeed, as the most fair and lovely flower of the garden—graceful as the rose of Jericho, sweet as the lily of the valley, stately as the cedar of Lebanon, fruitful as the grain which, in the Steppes of Tartary, is to be gathered ripe, and uncult by the sickle, rich as the clustering grapes of the vines of Engaddi, where they grow amid the ordinary productions of the soil; and where, unlike those in the gardens of Judea, they need not be planted or pruned. As indigenous as any of these—as fruitful and as beautiful—the Catholic faith is the growth of this land; and not only, therefore, do I accept the simile, but I thank God that it is so—for again I say it cannot be rooted out."

CONVERSION.—Mrs. Mathew Morgan and her daughter, of the parish of Dunleer, have renounced the errors of Protestantism, and have been received into the Catholic Church.

IRISH CATHOLIC PRELATES ON EDUCATION.—An important Pastoral has been addressed by the suffragan Bishops of the Province of Dublin

to the Catholic laity and clergy of their several dioceses. From this we make the following interesting extract:

We have in this kingdom, in almost every considerable town or city, seminaries or colleges—the evidences of our zeal for education—many of them venerable for their standing and services. These could be rendered more useful if there were funds to give extension and development to their capabilities. Where such institutions do not already exist, they could easily, according to the requirements, be established. Then we have the Catholic University. The Catholic people have labored with great and signal generosity to endow it so far as their limited means would allow. The earnest desire of the Catholic people and priesthood and laity for the success of this institution is well known and acknowledged. The heads and teachers of this institution are eminently qualified to fill their offices with great credit to themselves, great advantage to the public, and honor to the institution. Amongst these gentlemen are some at least who would adorn our most distinguished Universities; yet no character has been vouchsafed to give a useful and necessary, though technical recognition to acknowledged merit. We hope that this will be soon supplied. A charter has been granted to the University of Quebec, and we would deeply deplore any narrow policy which would withhold a similar benefit from us. Our expectations will not, we trust, be disappointed. If our just and reasonable hopes were extinguished, or even baffled, we would be painfully surprised. We would lament our disappointment, because we desire to see learning advance and flourish. A liberal and judicious encouragement by those who have the power would contribute very much to its advancement. We would lament our disappointment, because we would grieve to see in this country—where a desire for learning is indigenous, and a thirst for knowledge innate—the progress of knowledge not only not encouraged, but retarded by specious theories and systems fantastic in their nature, and adverse to the genius of the country and the religion of her people. We would lament the disappointment, because it would be suggestive of the recollections of ancient injustice and oppression, and calculated to excite feelings and reminiscences which no Christian man should wish to awaken. But we hope for better things, and expect that our rights will be acknowledged.

A letter from Jerusalem of the 1st of April says: "Mgr. Clement Bakeris, patriarch of the Greek Catholic Church, has been here on a pilgrimage. He has gone to Jaffa to embark for Alexandria on his return to Damascus, his ordinary residence, to celebrate the ceremonies of Easter."

The Paris Union publishes a letter from St. Petersburg, addressed to it by the Rev. Father Souallard, in which he contradicts a statement recently made by that journal, to the effect that impediments had been thrown in the way of his preaching in that city. The writer states that he had not received any prohibition against preaching, and that although some portion of the Russian press had raised a cry of alarm, it had been opposed by the avowed organs of the Government with great freedom and elevation of ideas.

Fifty-eight pilgrims have just left Paris for Jerusalem, under the superintendence of the Duke de Lorges.

A PRETTY CONCEIT.—Take a dried cone or bur of a common larch or fir tree, which has shed its seed, and sprinkle the vacant openings with grass-seed. Then put it carefully into a wine glass half filled with water. In a few days the moisture will cause the circles of the cone to close and bury within them the grass-seed, and in a few days more the seed will begin to sprout, and form a pyramid of living green, beautifully relieved by the sombre hue of the cone. This forms a pretty and novel ornament.

CASE-HARDENING CAST IRON.—The surface of cast iron, after being filed into shape, may be case-hardened by covering it with a paste of flour and prussiate of potash, allowing it to dry, heating red hot, and then immersing in cold water.

[Advertisement.]

WHAT IS THAT CROWD FOR?—This is the question we asked the other morning as we pushed our way through a dense mass of gentlemen who were gazing in at the window of KYOZU'S HAT STORE, corner of Broadway and Fulton street. We took a look ourselves, and ascertained what caused the excitement. In the windows were specimens of Kyozu's new style of Hats for YOUNG and YOUNG Men, called the "Pride of Youth," and so strikingly beautiful and elegant are they, that every passer by has to stop and admire them. They are an entirely new article, unique in shape and perfectly original in design. They are a substitute for the Cap and common Soft Hat, and are much prettier, neater and more convenient than either of those articles. They are selling with a rush, and those who wish to secure one had better be in time.

METROPOLITAN RECORD.

JOHN MULLALY.....Editor and Proprietor.

It will be the object of this Journal to supply the Catholic portion of the community with all the important and interesting news of the Catholic world, and particularly with information in regard to events and occurrences connected with the Church in the United States.

It is designed to make The Record a good and desirable family journal; it will therefore contain a great variety of useful, interesting and instructive reading matter. Its readers will also be duly informed of the progress of events in the secular as well as the religious field.

The progress of Catholic Educational Institutions will meet with that attention to which they are entitled by their importance. Church Dedications occurring in and about the city of New York, will be fully and accurately reported.

Due care and attention will be given to the Literary Department, and new publications reviewed or noticed, in all their character and pretensions not deserve.

Each number will contain one or two stories; and it will be the design of the Editor to make its Miscellany containing both entertainment and instruction.

The editor reserves the right to devote a discussion of the prominent topics of the day, and on other subjects that properly come within the scope of such a journal, to the best advantage.

No part will be taken in political controversy, nor in the discussion of the wedge-shaped policy of the business department will be confined on with that strict attention to all its details, without which no paper can expect to succeed, no matter how liberally supported.

The editor reserves the right to accept, and all the business transaction of the establishment will be conducted on a cash basis.

In conclusion, the Editor refers with pride and pleasure to the following letter of approval from the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 3, 1858.

DEAR SIR: I have read carefully your plan of a Catholic paper, and approve of the same in all its parts. Its scope is new and comprehensive, and will fill up a chasm without necessarily interfering with other papers already established. You have my sanction to proceed with as little delay as possible, and you shall have my approbation and support.

Yours, faithfully, in Christ,
JOHN, Archbishop of New York."

This Journal will be published weekly at No. 871 Broadway, and delivered to city and mail subscribers on the following terms:

Price per year served by carrier..... \$3 00

Price per year served by mail..... 2 50

To Canadian subscribers The Record will be served for \$8 per year, as there is an advance of fifty cents in the postage, while to subscribers in Ireland it will be \$3 50, for the same service.

The advertising rates are as follows:

To transient advertisers..... 12 1/2 cents per line.

To yearly advertisers..... 5 cents per line.

No paper will be sent till the receipt of the subscription.

All orders sent to the Publication Office, No. 871 Broadway, will be promptly attended to.

ED. DUNIGAN & BRO.,
(JAMES B. KIRKER,) Publisher.

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1859.

DISSOLUTION OF THE BRITISH PARLIAMENT SO FAR AS IT IS LIKE TO AFFECT CATHOLIC INTERESTS IN GREAT BRITAIN, BUT ESPECIALLY IN IRELAND.

Before our remarks shall have had time to reach the shores of Ireland the question of a new election will have been decided. We do not hesitate under these circumstances to publish our opinion with regard to what should be the policy of the liberal and Catholic members of the new Parliament, and especially such members as Ireland will send to St. Stephens. We do not touch the general questions; but already, as it seems to us, the old enemy of Ireland is at work in producing hostilities, rivalries, jealousies, mutual distrust and general destruction of Ireland's interests among all those who have at heart a really substantial hope and sincere desire, and even a prospect for the prosperity of the country. So far this matter has been presented to our notice by the results of the application which the New York and Galway Steamship Company had made for encouragement from the British government.

It would be a great thing, a great beginning, if that government had at last consented to any measure which might give Ireland a reasonable chance for competition with Great Britain in the matter of steam navigation between Europe and America. We are not certain that the government has, as yet, granted anything in the way of giving Ireland a fair chance by encouraging or aiding the Galway line, but we see, with unspeakable regret, that while the matter hangs in the hands of the Ministers the old enemies of Ireland are at work aiming at the excitement of jealousies between one port and another, knowing well that Ireland has been so worked down in regard to any united national feeling that she presents to their cunning what the advocates

of mesmerism would call an impressive subject.

By means like these the enemies of Ireland in Great Britain, in former times, destroyed all her prospective, and even her already advanced progress in manufactures of every description. Before the Union she was in these respects in a prosperous condition, but by the aid of immense capital, the cunning of local British interests, and the subserviency of Government, the balance was soon turned against her and in favor of her oppressors. These things, however, occurred under the general influence of British and anti-Irish feeling, as well as interest. Since that period nothing has occurred so well calculated to inspire and awaken the remnant of national feeling in the Irish people as the bold and, so far, successful experiment of establishing a line of steamers between New York and Galway. All Ireland ought to be united as one man in maintaining that experiment till it should reach a successful issue. That success cannot be doubtful if the Irish themselves do not choose to destroy it.

At present we perceive, with deep regret, schemes claiming a preference for Limerick and Cork over Galway. These schemes, without claiming to be a profit, we understand to be neither more nor less than a destruction of any direct communication between Ireland and America. What impresses us with regret is that Irishmen, in their own country, and their representatives in the farce of imperial equality in the British Parliament, are being shaken and twisted and cajoled by designing British statesmen in such a manner that, while these representatives are tempted to plead for their own local constituencies as regards either Cork, or Limerick, they are merely employed as utensils of the Government, or rather of the British interests of steam navigation between England and America—operating on the Government in fact as mere instruments for the destruction of the only, first and prospectively successful line which could connect Ireland with New York. Let them forget for once the divisions of Irishmen. Let them stand together loyally to the support of their first experiment of steam navigation from their own country to the United States. Let them expand their thoughts in anticipation of the time to come when there shall be lines both from Cork and from Limerick—but let them in the meanwhile sustain their present line till it shall have been nursed up either with or without Government patronage to a condition of independence. Then they can establish by the same union a line from Limerick not to the destruction of that from Galway, but as a rival competing for success.

And again, if it should be necessary, let them establish another line from Cork, and by an experiment of union to which Irishmen in their own country have not been accustomed, they shall have succeeded in making the first line prosperous, there is no doubt but the others will succeed in turn. And in that event Ireland will begin to show that there is national vitality, enterprise, and, in case of necessity, a competency of intellect and of patriotism among the people for their own self-government, whenever the time shall require it.

With regard to Catholic interests, whether in Great Britain or Ireland, we are not soors enough to foretell or anticipate the results of the dissolution of Parliament and the new election. It is to be hoped that the Catholics will support the honest and impartial men, who, whether professing the Catholic religion or not, are willing to recognize the equality of Catholics, as compared with those professing any other creed under the British crown. As to the result of the election, unless something new and unexampled should turn up, it seems to us that the Catholics, so far as party is concerned, have a choice

only between the representatives of Herod and Pontius Pilate.

We have made these remarks under the impulse of feeling for our native country, which neither time nor distance can extinguish.

DEGRADATION OF MARRIAGE IN ENGLAND—DENIAL OF THE SACRAMENT AND THE NEW DIVORCE LAW.

The law-makers of England have endeavored most assiduously, ever since the country became Protestant, to deprecate the sanctity of the sacrament of marriage in the eyes of the people, and to reduce that most solemn engagement to the rank of a mere civil contract to be entered into, like any other bargain, for purposes of personal gain, family or individual advancement, the settlement of litigation or private disputes, or the gratification of a momentary caprice or fleeting passion. Indeed, the Law Church establishment was inaugurated in that country by the deposition of matrimony from the list of the sacraments by an act of Parliament following close after the deplorable scenes which occurred in the family of Henry the Eighth.

A form and consistency was given to the modern system some years since by the passage of a law which made the publication of the banns of marriage by the clerks of the Poor Law Unions a legal notice of intention to contract matrimony, provided the paper was read at a meeting of the Guardians. This was soon followed by a measure which declared that Government had the power to license houses, not being churches, at different points, in which marriages could be solemnized by laymen appointed by the Executive as directed in the same act. The great bulk of the people of England were delighted at the freedom from all clerical restraint, interference, or advice thus afforded to them, and availed themselves of their new "privileges" to such an extent that it soon became evident that Parliament in aiming at the holy character given to the marriage ceremony by the Catholic Church had struck a blow at public morality and domestic happiness from the effects of which they would not soon recover, and engrailed a cancer in the very heart of society, the deadly consequences of which neither Government nor legislators could prevent.

Parliament having assumed the regulation of marriages, people naturally looked to that body for relief, and, consequently, three years since its members began to consider a new Divorce Law, which would be rapid in its action and supersede the slow forms and pleadings of the Consistorial (or Protestant Ecclesiastical) Court. A new bill was the result, and the measure was made known to the public in the middle of the year 1858 by the establishment of a "Court for Divorce in Matrimonial Causes in London, under the provisions of the act 20th and 21st of Victoria, chapter 55, and 21st and 22d of Victoria, chapter 108." Sir Cresswell Cresswell was appointed to preside over this Court, and he very soon found his hands full of business, for at the opening of the term in December of the last year he had to try the merits of one hundred and ninety-eight petitions for judicial separation or dissolution of marriages. We do not mean to assert that all these persons were united by the laymen alluded to above; but we do say that the holiness of the marriage state has been vastly lessened in England by the teachings of the Protestant Church and the legislation of Protestant Parliaments.

The January term of the Divorce Court for 1859 bears us out in this remark, for we learn from reliable documents, the details of which are, however, too repulsive to every moral feeling for publication, that there were twenty-seven trials for divorce arising from

causes that exhibit a state of immorality and degradation among both sexes that is startling to contemplate, and that no so-called civilization, which, after all, is simply a material element, could ever eradicate.

What a painful condition of society is exposed by these twenty-seven trials. Who can measure, or who can accurately contemplate all the sin, crime and infamy which preceded and will ensue from them? Husbands employing detectives—now organized for that purpose in Liverpool and other place—to watch and report every action of their wives, and wives employing servants to pry into every action of their husbands; swearings and contradictions of the most positive nature on oath before the court; the heart-burdening of friends and relatives; the disruption of the ties which bind the parent to children, and the stigma cast on the children separated by order of the law court from the parent pronounced guilty, are the most prominent consequences of this lay legislation with respect to marriage. The streams of moral poison let loose amongst the people by such exhibitions can never be rolled back except by agencies more pure and heavenly than those that at present govern the masses of the population of England.

Ireland, secure in her faith in the Catholic Church, has escaped this moral plague, although the means of degradation were offered to her in the shape of a government act authorizing marriage by laymen and a workhouse publication of the notice. In the year 1846, a marriage act was engrafted on the Irish Poor Law bill which made the publication of the banns by the Clerk of the Union good in law, and a marriage in the licensed government houses legal. The Catholic people of Ireland laughed at such a measure, and scouted it with that religious indignation with which they have always met the most insidious attacks on faith and morals. Some Protestants and other dissenters did marry in Ireland according to the "new law," but not one Catholic known as such. There were also a few soldiers—natives of England—serving in the country at the time, who availed themselves of the facilities afforded by the government. The piety and prayers of the people, however, neutralized the bad example, and thus Ireland escaped from being cursed with the existence on her soil of one phase of that "living civilization" which we have been told prevails to such an extent in Great Britain. We sincerely hope that the people of the United States may be equally fortunate in being protected from its influence, as far as relates to the solemnization of marriage, its promises and vows.

PUBLIC EDUCATION IN SWITZERLAND
—HOSTILITY OF THE SCHOOL SYSTEM TO CATHOLICITY.

The perils which attend the faith of Catholic children sent for the purposes of secular education to public schools, managed and controlled exclusively by Protestants, are as numerous, as complicated, and as prominent in the distant mountains and valleys of Switzerland as they are in Boston or any of the other large cities of the United States.

A Catholic gentleman died lately in the district of Eschenz, situated in the Canton of Thurgau, Switzerland, leaving behind him his widow and two sons. The widow was a Protestant and the elder son—owing to one of those unsuitable arrangements which frequently accompany mixed marriages—was baptised and brought up in the doctrines of that church whilst the younger boy, who is ten years of age, was baptised and carefully instructed in the faith of his father and paternal ancestors. When the father was on his death-bed he was concerned for the religion of this child and wished that the Catholic clergy

would continue, as they had heretofore done, to superintend his studies. However, the father was only dead a few months when the mother of the boy, influenced by her Protestant training, and, as alleged, by the representations of the public school authorities—insisted that the youth should quit the Catholic school and accompany his brother to the Protestant place of instruction, supported by the federal government of the Canton. The boy had to comply.

The Catholic fathers of Eschenz, vigilant for the safety of the souls committed to their charge, took alarm and required of the mother that the boy be again sent to their school in order that he should be educated as desired by his dead father, and trained in the doctrines of the Church which had baptized him. The widow refused to do so, and the clergymen brought an action at law before the tribunal of Steckborn, in order to compel the attendance of the child at the school, pleading in support of it that so far as regarded the education of the child they, to a great extent, stood in the place of the deceased father, and were bound to see the boy trained in the religion which he professed. The mother contended that she alone had to answer for the education of her son, and that she would send him to the Protestant school during the week, but permit him to go to the Catholic Church on Sunday.

The judges of the Tribunal of Steckborn, who were acquainted with the parties, and in a great measure conversant with the merits of the case beforehand, declined by a unanimous vote to decide between the parties, but ordered that the matter be submitted to the Court of Appeals for adjudication. The judges who preside on the bench of the high court of the Canton of Thurgau profess exclusively either Protestantism as moulded by Calvin, or Presbyterianism as modelled from it by Zwinglius, and hence they gave judgment in favor of the plea of the mother.

It will be seen how ingeniously the public school system can be used by dissenters for the perversion of Catholic children, and how an intelligent boy may be lost to the Church and himself lose the graces which flow from its communion, through the agency of a system of lay instruction having these results always in view.

DEFEAT OF THE ENGLISH REFORM BILL.

Ever since the year 1836 the English people have been subjected to a periodical agitation with the view of obtaining from Parliament a measure to reform the Reform Bill of 1832, and a regular constitutional war has been inaugurated between the workingmen of the large cities, aided by the cotton lords of Manchester, and the landlord aristocracy, both in and out of the legislature, who have so long ruled them. The working classes have been, so far, always worsted by their political opponents, who control the Parliament through their votes in both houses and their immense interest in the army, the navy, and church establishments of the country.

The latest Reform Bill contest was brought to an end in the Commons on the 31st of March by the defeat of the measure known as "Lord Derby's Bill," by a majority of thirty-nine votes against it in a house consisting of six hundred and twenty-one members. Lord Derby the premier—who is descended from the royal house which once ruled over the Isle of Man—never, it is believed, really intended to grant any extension of the popular franchise, and has but followed a settled plan, which was long ago decided upon. Under the plea of granting new electoral privileges the leading peers who sit, or are represented in the Commons, make a show of considering and preparing a Reform Bill

almost every year. This allays the agitation. A lengthy and mostly unintelligible measure is introduced to Parliament and submitted to the tedious process of a sifting in Committee and the prosy dullness of a seven or ten night's debate. A division is had and what is the result? If the measure pass it is really worthless, as Derby's would have been, confirming, as it proposed, the right to vote on a property qualification as before. Should the measure fail, as in the present instance, Great Britain enjoys one of those blanks in her history now known as a "Ministerial Crisis," during which she readjusts her course of foreign policy and home government either by a general election or a handing over of the seals of office from one peer to another of the same class. The people—who get nothing but hustings' addresses—must wait to see what may "turn up" in either a new Parliament or at the end of the old one. It is just so in the present instance. Lord Derby had hold of office and wanted to keep it—Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell wanted place, and so they forced Lord Derby to introduce a so-called Reform bill, and made it a handle to out-vote him. Derby has not resigned, however, and proposes a general election; but it is thought that this course will not help him, and so he must go out. To show clearly what a place-hunting lever these men make of the Reform question, it is only necessary to say that during the late debate Lord Derby had another reform plan prepared, but was not permitted to bring it in. Lord John Russell had a reform bill in his pocket, although he proclaimed the "finality of reform"—or the end of popular progress—as his creed long ago. Mr. D'Israeli had a measure almost ready, and Lord Palmerston—untrifurried by any emergency—would draw up one in no time.

The fact is, the people were, as heretofore, ignorant in a game of party, which each leader wanted to win, and the battle in the Commons was carried on with reference to present success and for profitable contingencies entirely. Englishmen as voters stand thus about where they were. Any one can vote at an election if he have a "beneficial interest" of \$100 value in the land, which is an appanage of the estate of some feudal baron, but the most learned, industrious, and exemplary amongst them is disfranchised if he proposes only his intelligence and industry as a qualification. An English voter who enjoyed barely the \$100 qualification voted at parliamentary election some years since. In a short time after his donkey, valued at \$15, died, so that when he came to vote the next time he was ruled out and disfranchised. It was law, and John obeyed it, remarking only, through a cloud of tobacco smoke, "that he had always imagined it was himself who had the vote and not the donkey." He is not in a much better condition now, for his right to vote is still entirely dependent on the health of his cattle and the will of his landlord.

The general election now proposed will keep the people in agitation for some six weeks. When the new Parliament meets it will organize and adjourn for the "summer recess," then will come the "grouse-shooting day" on 1st of September, the "Derby day," and other days of adjournment, so that the Reform question will tide over into winter—a period at which the English artizans and laborers are so poor, so cold, so ill fed and badly clad, that they are in no humor to agitate for suffrage rights or vote by ballot.

TO OUR READERS.—In another part of The Record will be found an interesting account of the ceremonies of Holy Week in the Eternal City and in our own metropolis.

THE SILENCE OF CHRIST BEFORE HIS JUDGES.

A Sermon delivered by the Most Rev. Archbishop, on Good Friday, in St. Patrick's Cathedral.

[Reported exclusively for the Metropolitan Record.]

The Cathedral was crowded on Good Friday, on which occasion the Most Reverend Archbishop delivered a sermon appropriate to the solemn character of the day.

The services commenced at 10 o'clock, Very Rev. Wm. Starrs, V. G., officiating as Celebrant, Rev. John Orsenigo as Deacon, Rev. George Froul as Sub-deacon, Rev. Francis McNirny, and Mr. George A. Rimsall, Seminarian, as Masters of Ceremonies. There were several other Clergymen and Seminarians within the Sanctuary. During an interval in the services, which were of the most solemn character, the Most Reverend Archbishop delivered the sermon, taking his text from the 19th chapter of the Gospel of St. John, as follows:

When the chief priests, therefore, and the officers had seen him, they cried out, saying, "Crucify Him, crucify Him." Pilate said to them, "Take Him and crucify Him, for I find no cause in Him."

The Jews answered him: "We have a law, and according to the law He ought to die; because He made himself the Son of God."

When Pilate therefore had heard this saying, he entered into the hall again;

And he entered into the hall again; and he said to Jesus: "Whence art thou?" but Jesus gave him no answer.

You are familiar, my dear brethren, with the history of the sufferings and death of our Divine Saviour. The history of those sufferings was read in the Mass of last Sunday, and you have the details before you in the office of Holy Week. It embraces that great brief intermediate period between the Jewish history of religion and the history of the Catholic Church, in which the prophecies and figures of the one, the trials, the triumphs and the realities of the other, meet and mingle together as in a common centre. The Jewish religion was intended for a limited duration, until the fullness of time appointed, and until the Expected of Nations should come to give reality to all its hopes and promises. The expiration of that religion was substantially announced by its own zealous advocates, when for the first time they turned their back upon the God of their Fathers, and appealed to Caesar, a prince of this world, for authority to crucify the Holy One.

This final apostacy of the Jews was still more attested when, even after the death of Christ, they pierced His side with a spear; and when the sacraments of the Catholic Church gushed forth from His own divine heart through the wound they had just made, in mingled blood and water, which, falling on the earth, was a renovation of the same—the blood signifying atonement for the sins of its inhabitants at all times, and the water as the emblem of cleansing and washing away the sins of the world for time to come.

And it is through this wound, if I might so speak, that by the appointment of the Divine Saviour, His Church, through the medium of her sacraments, has been invested with power to remit sin, or rather under the proper conditions, to annihilate sin in regard to the individual members of His mystical body. This is done in the Sacrament of Baptism, in the Sacrament of Penance, and by a special mercy towards the dying, in the Sacrament of Extreme Unction.

Good Friday throughout the Church has been appointed from the earliest times to commemorate the sufferings and death of our Lord. His Passion begins immediately after the institution of the Holy Eucharist, and the sacrifice of Mass on the night previous, at the close of the Jewish Passover. From that commencement you may trace the progress of His sufferings, from stage to stage, as it is recorded by the inspired Evangelist in your prayer books. But you may trace it also, on all the days of the year, in that beautiful devotion which is represented and commemorated by the Stations of the Cross.

It is customary in many countries to pronounce from the chair of truth a discourse well calculated to excite all the sympathies of the human heart for the spectacle of divine innocence in the person of Christ persecuted unto death. But the real purpose is to excite in us contrition for our own sins, because He was bruised for our iniquities. That view of the subject I leave to your own

private and devout meditations, and the remarks which I am about to make I shall not dwell upon the indignities offered to and sufferings undergone by our Redeemer; but I shall treat of that mysterious silence which our Lord observed when He declined to give an answer to the question of Pilate, asking Hinc whence Ille came.

The Christian mind is necessarily overwhelmed in the contemplation of the Passion of our Divine Lord. Most portions of it, however, are relieved, or rather varied by the recital of some words proceeding from His divine lips, or some new insult offered to his sacred person. But when we come to speak of His silence both before Herod and Pilate, we are filled with a sentiment of awe and profound astonishment. Who may venture to explain that mysterious silence, since the inspired Evangelists themselves furnish no key for its explanation? The coal of fire invoked by the prophet Isaiah to purify his lips, would be necessary for him who should undertake to explain this emphatic silence of the Son of God who came to be the Teacher of mankind. Invoking on myself the aid of divine illumination and purification of speech invoked by the Prophet, I would call your attention to two reflections, which shall constitute the subject of this discourse:—First, that both Herod and Pilate were without any pretext of ignorance in regard to our Divine Saviour which could warrant them in demanding more light than they had already received; and second, that by this silence He would teach his followers an example of the meekness of the Christian spirit whenever the question does not affect so much the honor and glory of God as the self- vindication of his servants who may be called to trial and to suffering.

Jesus Christ did not appear among men as a usurper, or, as one who had come without being foretold, or expected. The Jews especially, including Herod, no less than the high priests, had in their own books, in their sacrifices, in their rites and ceremonies, a perpetual lesson to encourage and sustain the hope of the Messiah's coming, and to long for the period of his advent. Everything respecting His birth, the place and circumstances, His life, His teachings, His miracles, His passion, His death, and His glorious resurrection from the grave, was minutely recorded in the prophecies of their sacred books. And with all these they were familiar, so much so, that when the Wise Men from the East came, guided by a miraculous star to Jerusalem, the high priests explained to them from one of their prophecies that he was to be born in Bethlehem of Juda. It would be too tedious to mention more than a few of the prophecies, attesting His identity and His divine mission. But in regard to the great mystery of this day, what can be more clear or explicit in reference to His sufferings than the prophetic language of Holy David, who lived one thousand years before? In his 21st Psalm he declares the very words which the Saviour should pronounce in His agony on the cross, "O God, my God, look upon me; why hast thou forsaken me?" * * * In thee have our fathers hoped; they have hoped, and thou hast delivered them. * * * But I am a worm and no man; the reproach of men and the curse of the people. All the they that saw me have laughed me to scorn. They have spoken with the lips me, and wagged the head.

* * * He hoped in the Lord, let Him deliver Him. Let Him save Him, seeing he delighted in Him. * * * Depart not from me, for tribulation is very near—for there is none to help me. * * * For many dogs have encompassed me, the council of the malignant hath besieged me. They have dug my hands and feet; they have numbered all my bones. And they have looked and stared upon me; they have parted my garments amongst them; and upon my vesture they cast lots. * * * With thee is my praise in a great church: I will pay my vows in the sight of them that fear Him. All the ends of the earth shall remember, and shall be converted to the Lord. And all the kindred of the Gentiles shall adore in His sight, for the kingdom is the Lord's; for He shall have dominion over the nations. * * * And to His soul shall live, and my seed shall serve Him."

Who, my dearly beloved brethren, reading these sacred words inscribed by the Royal Prophet on the pages of inspiration, written a thousand years before the event, and shall compare them with the narrative of the Passion of our Divine Saviour, will not be almost

tempted to regard them as much in the light of history as of prophecy? And the chanting of these Psalms in their sacred worship constituted for these thousand years the glorious hope of Israel and the sacred joy of Jerusalem. Such a people, when the Saviour did appear among them, had no pretext for ignoring His character, or for regarding him as an unexpected stranger.

Neither were other prophecies wanting in regard to a sufficient measure of light, whereby they might identify Him of whom their Fathers uttered their fervent hopes in begging of God that the Heavens might rain down the Just One, and the earth bud forth the Saviour. But there were other prophecies scattered through all their books with which His birth, and life and public mission were in strict accordance. His holiness, His doctrine, His omnipotent power in performing miracles, had all been alluded to in clear prophetic language throughout the pages of the Old Testament. With these his contemporaries of the Jewish nation, especially the Priests and Doctors of the law, were familiar. But among all the Prophets there was none more cherished, for the sweet sorrows which he infused into his prophecies regarding Christ, than Isaías, who lived seven hundred years before the birth of the Crucified. His description of the events which we this day commemorate may be found in the 52d and 53d chapters of His Prophecies. And you can easily perceive how they are almost descriptive of the incidents that occurred in the Passion of our Lord. He says, "Behold, my servant shall understand: he shall be exalted, and extolled, and shall be exceeding high. As many have been astonished at thee, so shall his visage be inglorious among men, and his form among the sons of men: he shall sprinkle many nations: kings shall shut their mouth at him: for they to whom it was not told of him have seen, and they that heard not have beheld. Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? and he shall grow up as a tender plant before him, and as a root out of a thirsty ground; there is no beauty in him, nor comeliness; and we have seen him, and there was no sightliness, that we should be desirous of him. Despised, and the most abject of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with infirmity: and his look was, as it were, hidden and despised; whereupon we esteemed him not. Surely he hath borne our infirmities, and carried our sorrows: and we have thought him, as it were, a leper, and as one struck by God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our iniquities, he was bruised for our sins: the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and by his bruises we are healed. All we, like sheep, have gone astray, even one hath turned aside into his own way: and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all. He was offered because it was his own will, and he opened not his mouth: he shall be led as a sheep to the slaughter, and shall be dumb as a lamb before his shearer, and he shall not open his mouth."

The inspired prophet then is taught up into ecstasy at the vision of the church, which should result and spring up from the sufferings and death of the Messiah. He turns his enraptured vision to the gentle nations, and bursts forth in the following strain of inspiration: "Give praise O thou barren that barest not; sing forth praise, and make a joyful noise, thou that didst not travail with child: for many are the children of the desolate, more than of her that hath a husband, saith the Lord. Enlarge the place of thy tent, and stretch out the skins of thy tabernacles, spare not: lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes. For thou shall pass on to the right hand, and to the left: and thy seed shall inherit the Gentiles, and shall inhabit the desolate cities. * * * For he that made thee shall rule over thee, the Lord of Hosts is his name: and thy Redeemer, the holy one of Israel, shall be called the God of all the earth."

Such is the Prophet's description of the God-man who stood before Pilate, and when questioned by that pagan ruler whence he was, declined to give an answer, and remained silent. But even this circumstance had been noted in the ancient prophecies where, as you have just heard, he is represented as a lamb before the shearer, not opening his mouth.

It may easily be admitted that Pontius Pilate, being a Roman pagan, and representing the authority of Caesar, should be ignorant of the sacred books of the Jewish religion. But

our Redeemer did not vouchsafe to make any reply when questioned by King Herod. This Herod was the same who, out of human respect, beheaded St. John the Baptist. Both these princes, however, if not familiar with the prophecies, had learned enough of the doctrines and the miracles of Christ to inwardly convinced of His extraordinary power, unexampled holiness and innocence. Herod wished, through curiosity, to see Him of whom he had heard so much. He hoped that our Saviour would gratify him by the performance of a miracle to be wrought in his presence. He inquired him, says the text, with many words, but Jesus answered him nothing. So, in like manner, Pilate was convinced of his innocence. His wife, even whilst he sat in the tribunal of judgment, cautioned him against having anything to do with that just man. He pleaded with the multitude to have him saved, and when he did not succeed, he washed his hands as if that ceremony could cleanse him from the guilt of his unjust sentence. Whilst he hesitated the Jews threatened him with the enmity of Caesar. The blood from which he washed his hands they invoked upon themselves and upon their children.

But since our Saviour was appointed as the teacher of men, why is it that He did not answer the questions of Herod and of Pilate? There is no doubt that He could have answered them in such a manner as to have made them believers in His Divinity. And yet He was silent. Oh! the mysterious judgments of God! They had resisted knowledge which was within their reach—they had resisted the grace that had been given them. Their questions proceeded not from a sincere desire to know truth, but from a culpable curiosity, or a desire to display their own consequence in the world, as great princes. Pilate had once before asked of our Saviour what is truth? and retired before there was time to give an answer. It may be that our Saviour declined a response because it would be an additional grace which they would reject like all the others they had received. How many are there in the world who have within their reach the means of knowing the truth, through the teachings of the Church, but who, like Herod and Pilate, stand aloof under pretence that more light is needed, and who, in their affected desire to know what truth is, turn away before they can receive the answer. For them, too, Christ will be silent.

Christ fulfilled his office as a divine teacher no less by His silence when he declined to answer the questions of Herod and of Pilate than by His living words when he spoke to the people and gave authority to the Apostles to carry on His work. The first words of His, recorded by the Evangelists, were an announcement that He was sent to be about the works of His Father. He had just been among the doctors in the temple, where He had spoken at the age of twelve years, so as to fill those who heard Him with admiration. For nearly twenty years from that time He was obedient to His Mother and St. Joseph, and in this He was a teacher to all children and an example of reverence for domestic and filial obedience. His public ministry lasted but three years. During this period He taught publicly. His discourses were simple in their language, but divinely profound in their meaning. He gathered around Him the humble and the meek. He spoke to them in the city, in the villages, in the fields, by the way-side, on the margin of the lake, and on the mountain. He taught in the presence of His enemies, in the temple, and elsewhere. He knew what was passing in the hearts of those that heard Him, and not unfrequently replied to their thoughts even before utterance had been given to them. He was mild and meek in all His ways; and yet how often do we find Ihu using strong and energetic language, when pride and self-righteousness required reprobation. He never hesitated to pronounce in their own hearing, woe to the Scribes and the Pharisees; woe to the rich and to the world—nay, He carried His zeal for the glory of His heavenly Father, and for the honor of the holy temple to such a point that He cast out the money-changers from its portals, declaring to them that His house was the house of prayer, but that they had made it a den of thieves. On the other hand, look at the divine sublimity of His sermon on the mountain when He declared that the kingdom of Heaven belonged to those who were poor in spirit—that the pure of heart should see God—that

the meek should possess the land—that present suffering for His sake, is a pledge of future comfort,—that every desire after justice should be satisfied—that the merciful should obtain mercy—that peace-makers should be called the children of God. Here is the speech of the divine teacher; brief in words but fathomless in its divine meaning.

So also did He teach by His miracles. The first was at the marriage of Cana in Galilee, where, at the suggestion of His Blessed Mother, He changed water into wine. This, says the Evangelist, was the beginning of His miracles. The motive apparently was, to save the family from a humiliation of their poverty, as if they had invited guests without being able to treat them according to the hospitalities usual among their neighbors on such occasions. Before He spoke, His Mother told them to do whatever He should say to them. Then He directed that the six water pots should be filled with water, and told the steward to draw. In producing the change of water into wine, He used no spoken words; but as the steward drew it off, it had ceased to be water, and had become wine. There is but one other instance of a miracle performed by Christ, without the use of spoken words, and that was when He gave extension to the five loaves on the mountain, wherewith the multitude were fed to the number of five thousand. But in His divine wisdom these two miracles were performed as introductory to, and symbolic of, the Holy Eucharist, in which bread and wine by His Almighty power, and the words of His appointed minister are changed into His body and blood.

These and the other miracles which He performed made Him known to all the people. He restored the son of the widow of Naim to his mother. He raised Lazarus from the tomb. He healed the sick, caused the lame to walk, stilled the tempest, gave speech to the dumb, and hearing to the deaf; He cured a man born blind—and all these cases were subjects of admiration on one side, and of contradiction on the other, so that His doctrine and His miracles, became subjects of disputation among all the people of Jerusalem; and except by willful indifference to truth, it was impossible that either Herod or Pilate should have been unacquainted with these things—and therefore it may be that when they questioned Ihu at their own tribunal in the hour of His voluntary humiliation, He was pleased to answer them noword—as if they had already received and neglected too many graces to obtain another at their own caprice.

Neither is this the only lesson of instruction which we may infer from the silence of Christ on the two occasions just alluded to. His Apostles and His Saints at all times have understood and practised the sublimity of this silent teaching. His Apostles in particular, after their reception of the Holy Ghost, never ceased to declare all His doctrines in the face of a world leagued with the enemy of souls to extinguish it. They all finally, like their Divine Master, gave their blood in martyrdom, in attestation of the truth of their teachings. But history has handed down to us no record of self defence, when they stood before the tyrants and rulers who consigned them to martyrdom. Then and there it was their privilege, since the question concerned only themselves personally, to imitate and practice the doctrine of silence which they had learned from the example of their Divine Master in presence of Herod and Pilate.

Indeed, there is nothing more remarkable in the death of the martyrs, or in the lives of the confessors, than this entire abstinence from self-vindication. It is true, that St. Paul, exercising his civil rights as a Roman citizen, appealed from the iniquitous persecution of the Jews, to the Emperor for protection. But in making his appeal before one of the Roman Governors, he takes occasion to preach Christ and his doctrines about judgment and justice, so that the judge on his tribunal trembled at the sound of his captive's voice. But of himself he said nothing, except that he was innocent of the accusations made against him, and that as a right he appealed to Caesar.

But when under the tyrant Nero St. Peter and he were condemned to death, there is no record of any speech or word uttered in self-vindication.

There is also another remarkable instance, or rather a universal rule, pervading the inspired pages of the entire New Testament. It is to be remembered that St. Matthew did not write until about nine years after the death

of Christ; and he was the first of the Evangelists. Neither in his Gospel, nor in either of the other three, is there found a single expression regarding the life and sufferings and death of our Blessed Redeemer, except in the merest and briefest narrative of events. There is no word of denunciation against His adversaries or his persecutors, or those who nailed His hands and feet to the cross. Neither is there a word of sympathy for the sufferings of their Lord. He was put to death because He called Himself as He really was, the Son of God. But no expression is found of horror at the indignities which were offered to Him, or of human sympathy in the contemplation of His agonies. They remembered that He had been Himself silent before the tribunal of His judges. They remembered that when He went forth through the gate of the city, amidst the scoffings of the multitude, on His way to Calvary—being already from head to foot one living wound—and when He fainted under the weight of the cross, and the tears of sympathy were freely poured out by the devout women who mingled with the rabble, He said to them, "Daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me, but weep for yourselves and for your children,"—as if He would intimate that words and even tears of human sympathy are not the highest testimony that His followers can give, but that they should shed rather tears of compunction for their own sins. The Apostles, no doubt, felt all the tenderness of human sentiment in regard to His physical and mental sufferings, but when they came to write the history of them under the inspiration of the Holy Ghost, they are silent with regard to their own sentiments, which, no doubt, during the remainder of their lives were themes of meditation treasured up in their hearts. In all this, beloved brethren, we adore the ways of God so different from the ways of men. Neither the high priests nor the mob, nor the judges, nor the executioners could have any power over Christ, except so much as He permitted.

He became flesh through love for man. He had offered His life to His Eternal Father for the sins of the world. He was at once the High Priest, because He offered the sacrifice; and He was the victim, because he submitted to be immolated on the cross. This was the baptism with which He had to be baptised and in regard to which He was straightened 'till it should be accomplished. He had power to lay down His life and to take it up again. And His death was not a mere human tragedy, but it was a divine reparation for the injuries which sin had offered to His Eternal Father, and a reconciliation between God and man, through the merits of the death of Him who was at once God and man by the union of a divine and human nature in His own person. It was indeed as man that He suffered, but as being God and man the dignity of the victim was sufficient to make that suffering ample for the atonement of the sins of the whole world.

I have not attempted to make a picture of the sufferings of our Lord. If I did the colors might be too strong for my own contemplation, or for yours. But these sufferings are impressed on your memory and on your heart. They are subjects for your private devotion and feeling. The inspired writers have presented them as a mere narrative, a brief skeleton of facts, leaving it to the followers of Christ to fill up the outline by the superabundance of their love for God, their contrition, and even, if you will, their sensible devotion to the divine victim who carried not merely the wood of the cross, but the sins of the world on his shoulders as He passed on Golgotha from the Court of Pilate, there to stand for them by a final act on the altar of His sacrifice.

I may not close these observations without alluding to the example left to us by her who in all relations was nearest to her Divine Saviour next to God. His ever Blessed Virgin Mother had been with Him or near Him through all His life, and she would not be absent in the hour of His death. Apart from the unspeakable dignity which God had conferred upon her, by choosing her to minister, through the operation of the Holy Ghost, the very flesh of Him who was bruised and crucified for us, what is so remarkable as the fact that but a few words spoken by her have been recorded by the Evangelists. One of them, indeed, actually alludes to her practice of silence. He says that she laid up these words in her heart. What she said to her Divine Son on his occasion of remaining in the temple is recorded. What she said to

him at the marriage of Cana in Galilee, to which I have referred, is also recorded. But no other words of hers is recorded, except, indeed, that outburst of inspiration which she uttered on the occasion of her visit to St. Elizabeth, with which you are so familiar as the canticle of the church, under the title of the *Magnificat*. She witnessed all the trials of her Divine Son—her soul, according to the prophecy of holy Simeon, was pierced with a sword of grief; but there is no expression of resentment, or even of pity and sympathy preserved to us by the inspired writers. Painters indeed represent her as swooning away by the foot of the cross, but there is no historical authority for any such representation. She knew who it was that was dying, and why it was that He gave Himself up to be crucified. And she was too united with God not to be resigned to His will, whatever might be the interior agonies of her own heart.

He who refused either to answer Herod or Pilate, has yet a few words which He utters from His own great throne, the cross on which He was suspended. These words were as a legacy to us all. We were represented by St. John the Evangelist, and the legacy was that same Blessed Mother as our advocate and our example. To her also, in the same words, He transferred us as her future children: "Woman, behold thy Son. Son, behold thy Mother." In a few moments after this, He said, "Into thy hands I commend my spirit," and presently added, "It is consummated," and gave up the Ghost.

ADDRESS OF THE CATHOLICS OF CALCUTTA TO THE RIGHT REV. BISHOP OLLIFFE.—The following is a copy of the address of the Catholic Community presented to the Rt. Rev. Bishop Olliffe, previous to his departure to Europe, together with his Lordship's reply:

Rt. Rev. Dr. Olliffe, Bishop of Miltene and Vicar Apostolic of Western Bengal:

My Lord: We, the undersigned, members of the Catholic Community of Calcutta, having learned with deep regret that ill health compels your Lordship to quit India for a more genial climate, beg most respectfully to offer you the sentiments of veneration and gratitude which we feel for your exalted character.

We cannot but admire the wisdom that has distinguished your Lordship's administration of this extensive Vicariate. Although greatly embarrassed by the want of adequate means to meet the temporal necessities of the Mission, and of sufficient laborers to conduct its spiritual economy, your Lordship's Pastoral care never relaxed in its vigilance, and the self-relying confidence with which you courageously met and skilfully opposed many of the stubborn obstacles that beset your path, excited our wonder as well as gratitude. We feel how much we owe to God for having blessed us with a Pastor whose piety, zeal and learning cheered and encouraged both clergy and laity, not only to preserve our existing institutions, but to extend their usefulness. Even under the pressure of severe bodily sufferings, we witnessed in your Lordship an energy of mind rarely equalled—an energy to which, under Providence, we must attribute the safety of our Mission. It has enabled your Lordship to maintain regularity of divine service on all holidays of obligation in the numerous churches and chapels in the city; to place permanently a clergyman in the church at Scampore; to found an educational establishment at Howrah; to open a day school for girls in the chapel at Baitakbanha; to fix a resident priest for the spiritual comfort of the numerous Catholics who reside in Bow-Bazar and its neighborhood; and to foster, by a judicious patronage, two excellent private Catholic Schools, that supply in a respectable measure the want created by the unavoidable closing of our Collegiate Institution in Park street. In a word, we are gratefully conscious that under your Lordship's pastoral care the discipline of the Catholic Church has been strictly maintained, and the spirit of piety profitably aroused in the capital of the Bengal Vicariate.

We cannot but feel deeply our great loss, when a pastor so deservedly dear to his flock is about to depart from us with a mind overwrought with care, and a body weakened by disease. But we are consoled, my lord, by the reflection that a return to Europe is the only means left to renovate your shattered constitution, and that your great personal influence in Rome will hasten the completion of those measures, in the adoption of which the best years and strongest efforts of your Lordship were unhesitatingly employed.

We now bid you, my lord, a long and probably a last farewell. We commend you to the protection of Almighty God, who will assuredly shower His choicest blessings on one who, during a trying and laborious ministry

of many years, has served Him with unwearying zeal and unshaken fidelity.

We have the honor to subscribe ourselves, my lord, your Lordship's most obedient and grateful servants.

Signed on behalf of the meeting,
JOHN LACKERSTEEN, Chairman.

THE BISHOP'S REPLY.

MY DEAR FRIENDS IN CHRIST: The sentiments just expressed in your address are too flattering to meet with an adequate acknowledgment. I am not, thank heaven, so conceited as to imagine that my poor merits deserve such a eulogy. When I look back at my missionary career of two and twenty years, and trace it through both the Vicariates which the Holy See has successively confided to my care, I perceive many, very many blemishes, which I trust will be pardoned me by our merciful Redeemer, because He knows that in my administration of both, my intention has been ever simple and upright, and therefore agreeable to His Divine Majesty. But even for that intention I take no merit to myself, for He warns me and all His followers: "When you have done all these things that are commanded you, say: We are unprofitable servants" (Luke 17, 10). If such be the case, if we cannot boast of our actions even after having fulfilled all His precepts, how much less should we do so, after numerous shortcomings?

But, notwithstanding this truth, I am deeply grateful to those amongst you whose sentiments have just been conveyed to me; and, in return, I pray the Author of all good to shower down upon you and your families His heavenly gifts, by making you wise unto salvation, and by impressing you with a profound conviction of its importance, of its indispensable necessity, if you desire to be eternally happy. Reaching this blessed mission where we may all meet again, never to be separated. With this heartfelt prayer, you will accept my parting Episcopal benediction.

(Signed) THOMAS OLLIFFE.
Cathedral House, Calcutta, Jan. 21, 1850.

DESTRUCTION OF QUITO BY AN EARTHQUAKE.

Three Thousand Persons Killed.

We learn from a letter published in The Herald, dated from Guayaquil April 1, that Quito, the capital of Ecuador, has been destroyed by an earthquake. The following are the particulars:

On the 22d of March, at about half-past 8 o'clock A. M., a severe earthquake destroyed nearly the entire city of Quito. Nearly all the government buildings, churches and convents, and a large number of private residences have been destroyed, and many others are so badly injured that they cannot be occupied. Property to the amount of some three millions of dollars has been destroyed by this fearful disaster. But the most distressing feature is the destruction of human life—some 3,000 souls, it is supposed, having perished in the ruins.

The greatest distress and consternation prevailed at Quito when the mail left for this place. Thousands of persons have been left houseless, and the government and church are not only too poor to afford relief to the houseless and destitute, but are without means to rebuild the public edifices. The poor sufferers will have to shift for themselves unless relief is sent from abroad.

It is reported that a number of small towns to the north of Quito have also been destroyed, and in this city the shock was severely felt and did some damage to a few houses, but our buildings are so constructed as to withstand more than an ordinary shock of earthquake.

A NEW SUBSTANCE RESEMBLING GUTTA PERCHA. M. Serres lately communicated to the Cercle de la Presse Scientifique certain facts concerning the *Acros balata*, which are not without interest. This tree grows wild in Guiana, Martinique, and the other islands of the West Indies, and its wood is used for building. The juice of the balata, dried, forms a light spongy rose-colored mass, which crumbles when rubbed between the fingers. A cake of this substance, which has been recently received at the Museum of Col. Produce, at No 244 rue de Rivoli, from the Governor of French Guiana, is covered with a matter resembling curdled milk, and the outer surface of which has hardened into a pellicle under the influence of the atmosphere. M. Serres, having been requested to examine it, was at first disappointed on finding that, although it could be moulded into various forms by the aid of hot water, it nevertheless became brittle again when dry. But after a more attentive examination he discovered that this want of cohesion was owing to a peculiar fatty substance contained in this juice, and after several trials he succeeded in purifying it. The substance thus obtained is more supple and elastic than gutta percha, but less able to resist traction. It softens at a higher temperature. M. Serres thinks it preferable to gutta percha for moulding, and for covering telegraph wires with.

The Old Man and the Child.

The following lines were suggested by seeing on Good Friday morning a very old man lead a young child up the altar "Adore the Cross."

Ay! lead him, aged man,
Up to that sacred shrine,
And teach his youthful lips to press
Salvation's glorious sign.
Years have rolled over thee,
Thy steps are slow with age—
And he has scarcely scanned a line
Upon his life's broad page.

But the same faith that was
Thy comfort and thy stay,
Will be his guiding hope, and trust,
Upon his future way;
You, one of those who bring
It safely o'er the sea,
From that dear land that held it with
Unawaring constancy,
Through persecution fierce,
It led our fathers on,
Like to that pillar'd cloud of old,
Which o'er God's people shone;
Through want, through gloom and woe,
They held that faith divine,
And vowed before the cross to die
Or conquer, by that sign.

Tell him of those dark days,
When it was death to bow
Before the cross, as his young head
Is lowly bending now;
And yet thy sires and his
Clung to that ancient creed,
And showed what Christian men should be,
In precept and in deed.
Oh! bid him guard it well,
For noble men have bled,
And suffered that its glorious light
Might in the world be shed;
Upon the desert plain,
And on the mountain's height,
It has been taught by those great souls,
Those champions of the right.

Erin! "would seem as if
That aged Christian thou,
Leading this youthful land before
The Cross of Christ to bow:
Bidding it place its trust,
As thou hast ever done,
In Him who sent to save the world,
Him well-beloved Son.
Heaven's blessing rest on thee,
Thou noble, fair young land—
Who to the oppressed of every clime
Hast stretched thy helping hand;
Oh! may I stow thee ever be,
Until the end of time,
Before the face of God and man,
In the Christian faith sublime.

M. C. B.

MARCOLINI.—A TALE OF VENICE.—It was midnight; the great clock had struck, and was still echoing through every porch and gallery in the quarter of St. Mark, when a young citizen, wrapped in his cloak, was hastening home from an interview with his betrothed. His step was light, for his heart was so. Her parents had just consented to their marriage, and the very day was named, "Lovely Giulietta" he cried, "and shall I then call thee mine at last? Who was ever so blest as thy Marcolini?" But, as he spoke he stopped: for something was glittering on the pavement before him. It was a scabbard of rich workmanship; and the discovery, what was it but an earnest of good fortune? "Rest thou there!" he cried, thrusting it gallantly into his belt; "if another claims thee not, thou hast changed masters!" and on he went as before, humming the burden of a song which he and his Giulietta had been singing together. But how little we know what the next minute will bring forth!

He turned by the church of St. Germiniano, and in three steps he met the watch. A murderer had just been committed. The Senator Renaldi had been found dead at his door, the dagger left in his heart; and the unfortunate Marcolini was dragged away for examination. The time, the place, everything served to excite, to justify suspicion; and no sooner had he entered the guard-house, than evidence appeared against him. The brave, in his flight, had thrown away his scabbard; and, smeared with blood—with blood not yet dry—it was now in the belt of Marcolini. Its patrician ornaments struck every eye; and when the fatal dagger was produced and compared with it, not a doubt of his guilt remained. Still there is, in the innocent, an energy and a composure; an energy when they speak, and a composure when they are silent, to which none can be altogether insensible; and the judge delayed for some time to pronounce the sentence, though he was a near relation to the dead. At length, however, it

came; and Marcolini lost his life, Giulietta her reason.

Not many years afterwards the truth revealed itself, the real criminal, in his last moments, confessing the crime; and hence the custom in Venice, a custom that long prevailed, for a crier to cry out in the court before a sentence was passed, "Ricordatevi del povero Marcolini!"—Remember the poor Marcolini.

Great indeed, was the lamentation throughout the city, and the judge, dying, directed that thenceforth and forever a mass should be sung every night in the ducal church for his own soul and the soul of Marcolini, and the souls of all who had suffered by an unjust judgment. Some land on the Brenta was left by him for the purpose; and still is the mass sung in the chapel; still, every night, when the great square is illuminating, and the canals are filling fast with the gay and the dissipated, a bell is rung as for a service, and a ray of light is seen to issue from a small Gothic window that looks toward the place of execution, the place where on a scaffold Marcolini breathed his last.

THE NATIVES OF AUCKLAND.—Strange as it may seem, both person and property are more secure in this once dreaded land than in civilized England; for with the exception of petty pilfering, crime is rare. Fearing probably a collision between the colonists and the natives, the founders of some of the more recent settlements planted them far away to the southwards, and as distant as possible from the native peopled districts. But a different feeling prevails among the northern colonists—the people of Auckland and its neighborhood were for several years almost entirely supplied by the natives with animal food, fish, potatoes, corn and fire-wood, and to a considerable extent with labor. The natives have also been extensive purchasers of horses, flour mills and coasting craft; large consumers of imported goods, and by means of their labor they have already augmented the exports of the north. In the absence of the natives but a little flax and not a single kauri spar would be exported from New Zealand. Their territorial rights as owners of the soil, too, have always been scrupulously recognized and respected by the settlers in the district; each party from the first has seen the advantage to be derived from the presence of the other, and friendly relations have uniformly been maintained between them. Good humor, ever ready to enjoy a joke and a laugh, and always appearing self-satisfied and contented, their presence does much to give life to the northern districts of New Zealand.

RAW OYSTERS, THE BEST OF FOON.—The oyster is a species of food combining the most precious alimentary qualities. Its meat is soft, firm, and delicate. It has sufficient flavor to please the taste, but not enough to excite to surfeit. Through a quality peculiar to itself it favors the intestinal and gastric absorption, mixing easily with other food, and assimilating with the juices of the stomach; it aids and favors the digestive functions. There is no alimentary substance, not even excepting bread, which does not produce indigestion under certain given circumstances, but oysters never. This is a homage due to them. They may be eaten to-day, to-morrow, for ever, in profusion; indigestion is not to be feared, and we may be certain that no doctor was ever called in through their fault. Of course we except cooked oysters. Besides their valuable digestive qualities, oysters supply a recipe not to be despised in the liquor they contain. It is produced by the sea water they have swallowed, but which, having been digested, has lost the peculiar bitterness of salt water. The oyster water is limpid, and slightly saline in taste. Far from being purgative like sea water, it promotes digestion. It keeps the oysters themselves fresh, prolongs their life for some time, until it is destroyed in our stomachs, or until the oyster has been transformed into a portion of ourselves.

ECCLESIASTICAL ARCHITECTURE IN AMERICA.—The New York Cathedral, (the new St. Patrick's Cathedral is here meant,) now in course of erection, is twenty feet wider and thirty feet higher than York Minster. The nave is three feet wider, and nearly forty feet higher than St. Paul's, London. It will be the handsomest ecclesiastical edifice in the United States. [London Family Herald.

An operative chemist at Caen announces that coffee-grounds make an excellent manure, because of the nitrogen and phosphoric acid which he discovers therein.

WILD BOAR HUNTING IN THESSALY.—Volo, February 18.—At an early hour on the 10th instant (February) we started for Armiro, on the western shore of the gulf, and distant from Volo six hours, or about twenty-four miles. Our party numbered about thirty horsemen, and included Aziz Pasha, Governor of Thessaly; Sadik Pasha, General Commanding all the Turkish Cossacks in Epirus; four officers of his staff, and an escort of half a dozen Cossacks. The remainder consisted of the personal attendants of Aziz Pasha, as heterogeneous in appearance as in functions, but all indispensable to the dignity and, perhaps, the comfort of a high personage in Turkey. Nor must I omit the name of Ahmed Agha, a Turkish gentleman of this neighborhood, who to the higher qualities of integrity and honor add a keen relish for all the sports of the field. We had in leash several couples of greyhounds of the pure Arabian breed—beautiful animals as you could lay eyes upon, inferior to English greyhounds in size and strength, but equal to them in courage and fineness of shape. The essential difference, however, lies in their having both the tail and the ears feathered, while the skin is as smooth as satin. I assure you we formed a picturesque party, and, as you may well believe, the whole world of Volo turned out to gaze as we rode by. The cavaliers responded to this flattering curiosity by fretting their nags into their showiest paces, so that our way through the town was worked up into a pretty little pageant, saucy horsemen curbing their impatient steeds that seemed to scorn the ordinary movements of their kind. After skirting the coast for a while we struck across the site of ancient Pagase, passed between the moulderings piers of its aqueduct, and then traversed a mountain spur, where every defile still shows the traces of ancient fortifications of colossal strength. Clearing these, we debouched on the plain of Armiro, and, after a ride of four hours, halted at the solitary ruins which are all that remain of the once flourishing town of Yenikhu. This town fell under the sword of Ali Pasha, of Yania, who always acted as if desolation and ruin were the necessary attendants of military success. Here some show of preparation was made to receive us. A company of Albanian Militia, collected from the neighboring posts, was drawn up in line, and saluted us after their fashion; and all the principal proprietors of the district were assembled in holiday gear to do honor to the representative of the Sultan. Carpets were spread for us in the open air, and a fallen column of white marble served as a seat to those who could not accommodate themselves to the Turkish posture of repose. The variety of the gay costumes, the neighing and fighting of the horses, the groups of wild Arabians, quick and light in their movements at an opera dancer, all contrasting with the stillness of the ruined city and the fine scenery of mountain, plain and sea, combined to produce a most picturesque effect, the interest of which would have been much augmented if one had time to trace back the historic associations of the places and peoples in question. One, and only one, habitation remains in Yenikhu. From this house, after the ceremonies of salutation had been performed, came forth a feast, such as the Arabian sets before those whom he delights to honor—a sheep roasted whole! I confess to you I was not much tempted with the dish, for the animal bore a wonderful resemblance to the human form. However, it was no time for squeamishness, as we had had only a cup of coffee before starting, and a long ride and mountain air stimulate the appetite in Thessaly as in other countries. There were no knives and forks, and I could not but envy the dexterity with which my friends dexterously with their fingers the most delicate morsels, and transferred them in long strips to their mouths. Practice makes perfect; and in an inconceivably short time one learns how to eat with the implements provided by nature. As it would never do to hunt on a full stomach we ate but sparingly, and having lit our cigarettes and got into our saddles, off we started. The cover was near at hand, lying between Kenikhu and the sea. It is an extensive flat marsh in wet weather, covered with tall reeds and rank grass, with here and there a stunted tree. All the necessary dispositions and arrangements proceeded from Sulaiman Agha, who was by unanimous consent voted master of the chase. He is a gentleman of some property, residing in the neighborhood, and is well known in these parts for his courage and

address in hunting large game. By his orders we were posted along the edge of the cover on the land side, at intervals of about fifty yards. The Cossacks and our grooms were about 150 yards in rear, ready to cut off all escape towards the mountains; about fifty men of the Albanian Militia, who acted as beaters, entered the cover at the other side, and with most unearthly shrieks and yells, with the sound of a drum and pipe, drove the game before them towards us. Before many minutes sharp fusilade, about 100 yards from where I was posted, announced that something was up, and immediately after a commotion among the horsemen, and then a general rush showed that my gentleman was making for the mountains. It was a boar of great size and pluck, with several balls already in him; he severely tested the speed of the Cossack horses. But the odds were too much against him. Another bullet from a Cossack carbine diminished his speed, but increased his fury. He doubled back in great wrath, attacked Aziz Pasha's huntsman, ripped up a gallant dog that closed on him, and turning at bay to every bush and tree made straight at us. I stepped forward to the encounter, and the whole field, curious, perhaps, to see an English performance, drew up and left the honor of the fight to me. The boar would not give me a chance at his flank, and as he evidently meant mischief I was obliged to mind well what I was about. I allowed him to approach within thirty yards, and aiming steadily at his head, between the eyes—psha, the wretched gun missed fire, and Heaven knows what would not have happened if an opportune shot had not brought him to the ground, just as he was coming to close quarters. I should explain to you that I was armed, not with my own gun, which is suited only to small game, but with an inferior French article borrowed for the nonce. Aziz Pasha, who, by the way, is a thorough sportsman, presented me with the boar, adding some complimentary remarks which I but little deserved, and I hope some time to show you the head, which I have preserved as a trophy of the day. We continued the sport until late in the afternoon, and resumed again next day. The total bugged were—eight hogs, two wolves, and two jackals, to which may be added five hares that we killed in coursing on our return from Armiro. Just as we had finished on the second day and were riding along the sands, we observed a huge boar that had taken the water, and was about 200 yards from the shore. Several shots were fired at him, but, as there was a smart bit of sea on, they all missed. To get out of harm's way, he struck out towards the middle of the Gulf. We watched him with our glasses until he was lost in the distance, and it is doubtful if ever got safe again to land.

SAYINGS IN SPANISH.—He was resting his arm on a pink hat-box, and watching the two beautiful sisters with the almond eyes. "Jeweller's daughters, for they have diamond eyes," he said, in a quick, merry voice, at the same time handing me his open cigar-case, the Spaniard's mode of entering into conversation and introducing himself. He saw I was amused by his proverb, and that I was a foreigner. What a curious feeling it is, being a foreigner! I spanner used to say an Englishman never could be a foreigner—they were foreigners. I do not know how he proved it. I bowed, and said I seldom smoked, though I liked to be near the man who did. "He who smokes, Señor," said the Majo, "makes his own cloud, and need not care what the sky is. I love my cigarette in its white shirt, though I burn it; one can't have the church censor, you know, always under one's nose. Isn't this breath of wind, Señor, pleasant? And I'm like Pedro, who was never afraid of draughts in the open air. Now, a draught is like a bull—you should never get in its way. But long tongues want the scissors. How he's talking! Did not Señor ask, if we Spaniards wore our cloaks only in Summer? I said "Yes. I thought there was a Spanish proverb, 'When there is sun, to prevent a cold, and when there is cold, in case there should be sun.'" "That," said the Majo, as I afterwards found, laughing at me, "is one of John's Coco's sayings; and your telling me one of my own proverbs reminds me of the Galician water-carriers in Lisbon, who say, 'We are God's people. It is their water, and we sell it them.' We have many sayings about the cloak, that in the north they never go without, 'A cloak covers everything.' There is many a good drinker under a ragged cloak."

and "Take care of your cloak in Andalusia!" "Why, you seem made up of wise saying." "Well," he said, "he who stirs honey must have some stick to him;" and I have not been all my life 'like the tailor of Campillo, who worked for nothing and found thread;' though I am, you will say, so talkative that you will compare me to the 'piper of Dujulane, who wants a maravedi to begin and two to finish."

RUBENS' BIRTHPLACE AT COLOGNE.—The house is still pointed out to the visitor—it is in the "Sternen Gasse," No. 10. The tall houses, the narrow streets, and the tendency of the latter to wind suddenly, completely misled a stranger, who cannot catch sight in their close depths of any friendly landmark of steeple or tower to guide his steps aright. The house, once found, is easily distinguished from others near it, as well from its size as from the inscriptions upon it. It is a noble mansion, situated at a slight angle. The carved door frame was added in the year 1729, in a medallion over its centre is a portrait of Rubens, and on a shield above are the arms of Marie de Medicis. In 1822 two inscribed tablets were placed between the windows on each side the doorway, to which attention was called by large gilt stars above them. One narrates the fact of Rubens' birth in the mansion; the other the death, in the same house, of Marie de Medicis, the widow of Henry IV of France, the mother of Louis XIII, and the mother-in-law of three sovereigns, among them Henrietta Maria, wife to Charles I, who was, by the intrigues of the Cardinal Richelieu, compelled to exile herself, living for many years an unhappy fugitive in various countries, and ultimately dying at Cologne, where her heart was buried near the high altar, but her body removed to France. The glory of the house, as the birthplace of Rubens, is somewhat saddened by the melancholy end of this once powerful royal patroness of the painter. She is said to have died in the same chamber he was born in.

THE FRENCH MERCANTILE MARINE.—According to an official statement prepared on the 1st January, the French commercial navy consists of 14,900 sailing ships. Of these 11,090 belong to French ports on the Atlantic, and 3,810 to ports on the Mediterranean. The French commercial navy, moreover, possesses 330 steam vessels, of which 182 belong to ports on the Atlantic, and 148 to ports on the Mediterranean.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

O. E. DUFFY, CATHOLIC BOOKSELLER AND Periodical Dealer, No. 429 E street, Washington, D. C. All the Catholic Papers for sale. The Metropolitan Guard always on hand.

EXCELSIOR FIRE INSURANCE CO.—CASH CAPITAL, \$200,000. Office, No. 6 Broad street, New York. This Company insures all kinds of buildings, household furniture, merchandise, vessels in port, and other property, against loss by fire. EUGENE PLUNKETT, President. HENRY QUACKENBOS, Secretary.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

GEORGE SAUNDERS' METALIC TABLET RAZOR STOP.—This imitable article may be obtained of the sole manufacturers, J. & S. SAUNDERS, No. 7 Astor House, and of the various agents throughout the city. \$9 600'F

AGENCIES.—We have appointed the following Agents for the RECORD, in addition to those already announced:—

PHILADELPHIA, Pa.—Messa. Downing & Daly, 139 South Eighth street.

BALTIMORE, Md.—Mr. James S. B. Smith, 23 North Gay street.

NEW ORLEANS, La.—Mr. Thomas O'Donnell, Camp street. SAN FRANCISCO, Cal.—Mr. John J. Kelly, 267 Washington street.

COPIES OF THE RECORD can always be had at the Book Store of

GEORGE W. CASSERLY, 27 Madison street,

mid 8th

for EASTER AND THE MONTH OF MAY.

Crowns for States of the Blessed Virgin, Altar Flowers and Wreaths, for sale very cheap at ROBERT CODDINGTON'S Old Established Bookstore, No. 866 Broadway, one door above Fourth street, New York. Orders from the country carefully attended to with dispatch.

mid 8th

LIFE PRESERVERS.

DELANO LIFE-PRESERVING COAT AND VEST COMPANY

(Incorporated January, 1859.—Capital \$125,000.)

Manufacturers of all kinds of

LIFE PRESERVING GARMENTS.

SAFETY BATHING DRESSES,

Children's Swimming Jackets, &c., &c.

Office and Saleroom, 262 Broadway, New York,

Opposite City Hall.

Manufactory, 333 & 335 Canal street, N. Y.

INSURANCE.

IMPORTERS' AND TRADERS' FINE INSURANCE COMPANY.—No. 21 Wall street, Bank of the Republic Building. Capital, \$200,000.

This Company insures property of all kinds against loss or damage by fire, on as favorable terms as the perfectly security of the assured will allow.

BENJ. F. MANIERIE, President.

FRANK W. BALLARD, Secretary.

DIRECTORS.

BENJ. F. MANIERIE, President.

WILSON G. HUNT, President.

LUCIUS HOPKINS, President.

PRESIDENT OF IMPORTERS' & TRADERS' BANK

JOHN H. GLENDY, President.

JOHN C. FLY, Vice President.

JOHN W. TIER, Vice President.

JOHN D. BROWN, Vice President.

JOHN C. HARRIS, Vice President.</p

BARON HUMBOLDT AND HIS CORRESPONDENTS.—Baron de Humboldt has addressed the following note to the Berlin journals: "Overwhelmed by the number of letters sent me, and which are increasing every day, amounting to from 1,600 to 2,000 per annum, many, too, being on the most futile subjects, such as demands for my autograph, and offers to cure me of all diseases, I once more make a public appeal to the persons who wish me well, and request them not to occupy themselves so much with what concerns me, in order that with the diminution of strength, physical and intellectual, which I experience, I may be allowed a little leisure for study and composition. I trust that this step, to which I have recourse with reluctance, will not be interpreted unkindly."

SPECIAL NOTICES.

POST OFFICE NOTICE.—The Mails for Europe, via SOUTHAMPTON and HAVRE, per U. S. steamer FULTON, will close at this office on SATURDAY, the 30th day of April, at 1 o'clock, P. M.

ISAAC V. FOWLER, Postmaster.

DRY GOODS.

RICHARDSON'S IRISH LINENS, DAMASKS, &c.—Consumers of RICHARDSON'S LINENS are requested to note that the GENUINE GOODS, should see that the articles they purchase are sealed with the full name of the firm.

RICHARDSON, SONS & OWDEN, Agents for the soundness and durability of the Goods.

This caution is rendered especially necessary as large quantities of inferior and defective wares are now sent to America, and sold under the name of RICHARDSON, by Irish houses, who, regardless of the injury thus inflicted on the like American consumer and the manufacturers of the genuine Goods, will not readily abandon a business which, in their own words, can be imposed on with Goods of a worthless character.

W. BULLOCK & J. C. B. LOCKE, Agents, No. 35 Church street.

Between Darsley street and Place.

LORD & TAYLOR, 253, 259 and 261 GRAND STREET, and 47 and 49 CATHERINE STREET,

Invite

To their large and attractive stock of SPRING DRY GOODS of every description, mth 19 8m. At much BELOW REGULAR PRICES.

WE HAVE OPENED OUR SPRING Stock of RIBBONS and MUSLINERY GOODS, which are novel and elegant. We sell for net cash only, and offer great inducements.

KEENAGL & TERNAN,

127 3m No. 2 Warren street, next to Broadway.

WANTS.

A LADY WISHES TO OBTAIN A situation as TEACHER and ORGANIST in a Catholic Church, or would prefer a situation to travel South as a lady's companion or instructor of children. Address ORGANIST, at the office of The Record. mth 21 2m

SHIPPING.

FOR THE SOUTH AND SOUTHWEST via Charleston, S. C.—The U. S. Mail New York and Charleston Steamships will leave each port every Wednesday and Saturday, at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Through tickets to the following ports will be issued: New Orleans, Mobile, Galveston, P. S. G. (dead), 6 00 Mobile, 35 00 Augusta, Ga., 20 00 Montgomery, Ala., 25 00 Atlanta, Ga., 23 00 New Orleans, 25 00 Mobile, 25 00 New Orleans, 25 00 Columbia, S. C., 23 00 Jacksonville, Fla., 21 00 Charleston, S. C., 29 00 Plattsburgh, Fla., 23 00

Apply to SPOFFORD & TILESTON, 29 Broadway.

PHOTOGRAPHS.

MAMMOTH PHOTOGRAPHS, GREY'S, NO. 371 BROADWAY, Two doors from Taylor's Saloon, N. Y. FOR ONLY ONE DOLLAR. mth 30 3m

ROMAN CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM.—Application for the admission of children to the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, and for the work of binding, are to be received by the following regulations, which have been adopted by the Committee on Admission and Binding:

No application for admission will be entertained by the Committee unless accompanied by a written recommendation from some reliable person, and from the pastor of a church in the parish in which the applicant resides, the latter recommendation being indispensable.

2. Lives of parents must be given, state name of child, age, whether orphan or half orphan, names of parents, place of birth of child, and parents' residences and names presented at the Asylum in Prince street.

3. Applications in the name of the child may be considered by the Committee at their semi-monthly meetings, which take place at the Asylum in Prince street, on the 1st and 15th of every month at 7 1/2 A. M.

4. Orders for admission will be issued by the Chairman on the day after the meeting at which the application has been approved, and are subject to the medical examination of the physician.

5. The number of half orphans that may be admitted in either asylum has been limited by the Board of Managers to a number, which the Committee on Admission and Binding will be compelled to exceed, the surviving parent of any half orphan admitted will be required to sign an agreement expressing the conditions under which half of him is admitted.

6. No application for admission will be relative, unless after approval by the Committee, to whom an application thereto must have been previously submitted, and who will require relative so applying to qualify as guardian according to law.

7. Applications for binding out are to be left at the Asylum in Prince street, and will be acted upon at the time above specified, and in cases of emergency, by the Chairman.

8. Children that have left, or been withdrawn from the asylums, cannot be re-admitted.

9. Any further information can be obtained by the Committee on Admission and Binding.

10. All applications for all communications must be addressed at the Asylum in Prince street.

JAMES B. NICHOLSON,

Chairman of Committee.

CHARLES TOTAL, THOMAS EPPY, L. B. BISSEK, L. J. WHITE, Members of Committee.

L. B. BISSEK, Secretary.

DRY GOODS.

DONNELL'S OLD STAND.—C. C. HOLMES & CO., 307 Grand street, Importers and Dealers in SILKS, MERINOES, DE LAINES and DRESS GOODS of every description; IRISH LINENS, TABLE LINENS, SHEETINGS, BLANKETS, QUILTS, DAMASK DRAPES, and Housekeeping Dry Goods generally; CLOTHS, CASSIMERES, VELVETS, &c., Velvet, Taffeta, &c., Indian Carpeting, Druggets, Oil Cloth &c., Table Oil Cloth and Window Shades. Domestic Goods of all descriptions. All of which will be sold at Wholesale or Retail, at the lowest mark price.

C. C. HOLMES & CO., 307 Grand street.

DRY GOODS FROM AUCTION.

LINEN SHEETINGS, PILLOW CASES AND SHIRTINGS,

Damask Table Cloths, Napkins, Dollies and Towels, Hucabas, Draper and French Towels.

NEW STYLES OF SPRING DRESS GOODS.

Silks, Poplins, Lustres, Bareges, Challes, Printed Larroons and Organzines, Gingham and Calicos.

RIBBONS, Rich for Spring and Summer.

BONNETS.

New styles English Damask, Pedal Florence, Neapolitan, Rough-and-Ready and Split Straw, Canton Mattings, of all styles and widths.

C. G. HOOK,

(Late W. S. Bowes) 105 & 116 Sixth Avenue,

23 3m. Between Eighth and Ninth Streets.

140 SIXTH AVENUE, BETWEEN Tenth and Eleventh streets.

JOHN ELLIOTT & CO., Importers and Dealers to the Trade.

MCCORMACK & SIMPSON.

We feel confident in recommending this establish-

BEST AND CHEAPEST IN THE CITY

To Ladies in quest of

REAL LACES & FRENCH EMBROIDERIES

Of the finest quality and elaborate design.

BONNET AND TRIMMING RIBBONS

Of the latest styles.

Of Novelties in DRESS TRIMMINGS.

Of Novelties in DRESS BUTTONS & TASSELS.

Of Novelties in SILK CORDS AND GIRDLES.

Of Novelties in GALLOONS AND FRINGES.

Of the best brands in BLK. AND GOLD VELVET RIBBONS.

Of any particular shade or style, new and fashionable in DRESS GARNITURE.

ENGLISH HOISIERY, Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 62 cents,

Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.

We have endeavored to make our stock of SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible, and will sell at very low rates.

It contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes, Sewing Silk, Household Eyes, Cords, Braidings, Bobbins, Lacets, Elastics, Whalebones, Combs and Brushes, together with the thousand and one other things usually carried here.

We refer you to a abundant line of FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND SETS.

REAL FRENCH LACES, &c., &c., &c., &c.,

It is decidedly the best place to buy nice ENGLISH HOISIERY,

Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 62 cents,

Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.

We have endeavored to make our stock of

SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible,

And contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes,

Sewing Silk, Household Eyes, Cords, Braidings,

Bobbins, Lacets, Elastics, Whalebones, Combs and

Brushes, together with the thousand and one other

things usually carried here.

We refer you to a abundant line of FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND SETS.

REAL FRENCH LACES, &c., &c., &c., &c.,

It is decidedly the best place to buy nice ENGLISH HOISIERY,

Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 62 cents,

Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.

We have endeavored to make our stock of

SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible,

And contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes,

Sewing Silk, Household Eyes, Cords, Braidings,

Bobbins, Lacets, Elastics, Whalebones, Combs and

Brushes, together with the thousand and one other

things usually carried here.

We refer you to a abundant line of FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND SETS.

REAL FRENCH LACES, &c., &c., &c., &c.,

It is decidedly the best place to buy nice ENGLISH HOISIERY,

Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 62 cents,

Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.

We have endeavored to make our stock of

SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible,

And contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes,

Sewing Silk, Household Eyes, Cords, Braidings,

Bobbins, Lacets, Elastics, Whalebones, Combs and

Brushes, together with the thousand and one other

things usually carried here.

We refer you to a abundant line of FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND SETS.

REAL FRENCH LACES, &c., &c., &c., &c.,

It is decidedly the best place to buy nice ENGLISH HOISIERY,

Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 62 cents,

Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.

We have endeavored to make our stock of

SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible,

And contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes,

Sewing Silk, Household Eyes, Cords, Braidings,

Bobbins, Lacets, Elastics, Whalebones, Combs and

Brushes, together with the thousand and one other

things usually carried here.

We refer you to a abundant line of FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND SETS.

REAL FRENCH LACES, &c., &c., &c., &c.,

It is decidedly the best place to buy nice ENGLISH HOISIERY,

Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 62 cents,

Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.

We have endeavored to make our stock of

SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible,

And contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes,

Sewing Silk, Household Eyes, Cords, Braidings,

Bobbins, Lacets, Elastics, Whalebones, Combs and

Brushes, together with the thousand and one other

things usually carried here.

We refer you to a abundant line of FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND SETS.

REAL FRENCH LACES, &c., &c., &c., &c.,

It is decidedly the best place to buy nice ENGLISH HOISIERY,

Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 62 cents,

Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.

We have endeavored to make our stock of

SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible,

And contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes,

Sewing Silk, Household Eyes, Cords, Braidings,

Bobbins, Lacets, Elastics, Whalebones, Combs and

Brushes, together with the thousand and one other

things usually carried here.

We refer you to a abundant line of FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND SETS.

REAL FRENCH LACES, &c., &c., &c., &c.,

It is decidedly the best place to buy nice ENGLISH HOISIERY,

Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 62 cents,

Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.

We have endeavored to make our stock of

SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible,

And contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes,

Sewing Silk, Household Eyes, Cords, Braidings,

Bobbins, Lacets, Elastics, Whalebones, Combs and

Brushes, together with the thousand and one other

things usually carried here.

We refer you to a abundant line of FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND SETS.

REAL FRENCH LACES, &c., &c., &c., &c.,

It is decidedly the best place to buy nice ENGLISH HOISIERY,

Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 62 cents,

Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.

We have endeavored to make our stock of

SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible,

And contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes,

Sewing Silk, Household Eyes, Cords, Braidings,

Bobbins, Lacets, Elastics, Whalebones, Combs and

Brushes, together with the thousand and one other

things usually carried here.

We refer you to a abundant line of FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND SETS.

REAL FRENCH LACES, &c., &c., &c., &c.,

It is decidedly the best place to buy nice ENGLISH HOISIERY,

Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 62 cents,

Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.

We have endeavored to make our stock of

SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible,

And contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes,

Sewing Silk, Household Eyes, Cords, Braidings,

Bobbins, Lacets, Elastics, Whalebones, Combs and

Brushes, together with the thousand and one other

things usually carried here.

We refer you to a abundant line of FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND SETS.

REAL FRENCH LACES, &c., &c., &c., &c.,

It is decidedly the best place to buy nice ENGLISH HOISIERY,

Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 62 cents,

Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.

We have endeavored to make our stock of

SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible,

And contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes,

Sewing Silk, Household Eyes, Cords, Braidings,

Bobbins, Lacets, Elastics, Whalebones, Combs and

Brushes, together with the thousand and one other

things usually carried here.

We refer you to a abundant line of FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND SETS.

REAL FRENCH LACES, &c., &c., &c., &c.,

It is decidedly the best place to buy nice ENGLISH HOISIERY,

Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 62 cents,

Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.

We have endeavored to make our stock of

SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible,

And contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes,

Sewing Silk, Household Eyes, Cords, Braidings,

Bobbins, Lacets, Elastics, Whalebones, Combs and

Brushes, together with the thousand and one other

things usually carried here.

We refer you to a abundant line of FRENCH EMBROIDERED COLLARS AND SETS.

REAL FRENCH LACES, &c., &c., &c., &c.,

It is decidedly the best place to buy nice ENGLISH HOISIERY,

Both for Gentlemen and Ladies.

OUR KID GLOVES, At 62 cents,

Are the best ever offered in this city at the price.

We have endeavored to make our stock of

SMALL WARES

As good and complete as possible,

And contains the best of Needles, Pins, Threads, Tapes,

Sewing Silk, Household Eyes, Cords, Braidings,

Bobbins, Lacets, Elastics, Whalebones, Combs and

Brushes, together with the thousand and one other

BOOKS.

IN PRESS, AND WILL BE PUBLISHED without delay.
EDWARD DUNIGAN & BROTHER,
No. 871 Broadway.

Have in press
Goffine's Manual of Instructions and Devotions on the Epistles and Gospels During the Year,
Translated from the German by

REV. THEODORE NOETHEN,

Pastor of the Church of the Holy Cross, Albany, N. Y.

This celebrated work, now for the first time translated into English and presented to the American public, has met with the

GREATEST CIRCULATION

Of any book ever printed in the German language. It has already passed through

MANY EDITIONS,

And will be hailed as a valuable accession to CATHOLIC LITERATURE
on this side of the Atlantic.

E. D. & B. BRO. have also in press, and will issue simultaneously with the above, a new work by the author of "Rome, its Churches, its Charities and its Schools."

Saintly Characters Recently Proposed for Canonization.

By the Rev. William H. Neigan, LL. D., T. C. D. 1 vol., 12mo., pp. 350.

In this entertaining volume will be found a complete and particular explanation of the process of Canonization, with short biographical sketches of many Saintly Characters now before the Congregation of Rites. It will form an entertaining volume both for the religious and general reader, and, no doubt, will meet with as extended a circulation as greeted Rev. Neigan's work on Rome, and will be welcomed as a timely and edifying work on a subject comparatively little known and much misrepresented on this side of the Atlantic.

Send orders to

ED. DUNIGAN & BROTHER,
(JAMES B. KIRKE)

No. 871 Broadway.

ECONOMY IN WRITING.—GRAHAM'S HAND BOOK OF STANDARD OR AMERICAN PHONETIC SPELLING, an Encyclopedia of Phonetics, an easy self-instructor in the best system of short-hand ever devised; the standard text book of the art in schools. Recently published; second edition now ready. \$1.25, 12mo. 320 pp.

GRAHAM'S LONG-HAND. Shows how with the use of the common characters, to double the speed of writing. Very simple, easy and legible. 63 cents, post-paid.

ANDREW J. GRAHAM,

(Room No. 25, Appleton Building)

No. 545 Broadway.

THOMAS A. NUGENT, BOOKSELLER
and Stationer, 122 Broadway, (between Nassau and Broad streets) keeps constantly on hand, at lowest prices, a good assortment of Catholic Works, Bibles, Prayer Books, Crucifixes, Scapulars, Rosaries, Pictures, Images, &c. Also, Newspapers, Periodicals, &c., &c., &c., &c.

250 pp.

GIFTS! GIFTS!! GIFTS!!!

EVANS & CO.
OFFER GREATER INDUCEMENTS TO BOOK BUYERS THAN TO OTHER HOUSE IN THE COUNTRY.

OUR NEW DESCRIPTIVE CATALOGUE, OF

THESE PAGES CONTAINS A larger and better selection of books ever before offered, and includes every work of literary value or interest published in the United States. All books furnished at publishers' prices, with

A GUIDE ACCOMPANYING THE BOOK
at the time of sale.

The most liberal inducements to clubs, surpassing those of any other house, for particulars of which see page 3, New Catalogue; also great concessions allowed to those who are anxious to send their books to our business. Particulars sent on application by mail.

Send for a Catalogue, which will be mailed free to any address to all parts of the world.

Books sent with a discount.

An extra dollar book and gift presented to any one sending an order for ten books.

The following is a Schedule of Property which will be given to the Purchasers of Books at the time of sale:

Worth From

Gold Watches, English Lever, Patent Lever and Lever, \$100 to \$1000

Silver Watch, Patent Lever, Full Jewel Hunting Cases, open face and cylinder escapement. 12 00 to 40 00

Gold Lockets—large size, four glasses and small size, four glasses—large and small size, with snap. 2 50 to 12 00

Cameo Mosaic, Florentine, Painted, Lava, Pardon, Garnet, and Coral size of Pendant and Brooches. 5 00 to 25 00

Ladies' Gold Gunmetal Chains, Neck Chains, Chatelaines. 8 00 to 15 00

Gen's Fox and Vest Chains. 10 00 to 20 00

Set of Gold Buttons, Painted, Mosaic, Garnet, Onyx, Engraved and Plain Gold Screw Buttons and Buttons. 2 00 to 18 00

Gold Pencils with Pens, large, medium, and small size, with caps. 8 50 to 7 50

Silver Pencils, with Gold Pens, large, medium, and small size, double and single ended, etc. 2 00 to 5 00

Gold Head Signs, Rings, Ladies' Gold, Chased, and Plain Rings. 1 00 to 1 50

Gen's Gold Bosom Pins, Cluster with Opal, Sapphires, Garnet, etc. 1 50 to 5 00

Brooches, Diamond, Patterned, Cameo, Mosaic, Coral, Garnet, Chased and Plain Oval Bracelets. 5 00 to 20 00

Supers of Gold, Diamonds, etc. 2 00 to 10 00

Gen's Pins and Focket-knife. 25 to 150

Pearl and Morocco porte-monaise. 50 to 250

Tooth-Picks, Watch Keys, Guards, Etc. 1 50 to 8 50

Gold Crosses, small, medium, and large. 1 00 to 5 00

Book Marks, Pictures, a large and valuable assortment of miscellaneous articles, varying from \$1 to \$10.

One of the above articles will be given to the purchaser of each book at the time the book is sold. An equal proportion of the whole will be given with each \$1,000 worth of books.

Address all orders, letters of inquiry, etc., to EVANS & CO., Publishers, No. 671 Broadway, New York City. 12d pp.

TO LET.

TO LET—A VERY DESIRABLE OF fice for a physician at No. 183 Seventh avenue, between Twenty-second and Twenty-third streets. Also a few young gentlemen can be accommodated with board in a respectable Catholic family.

a52 2d

WHITE WOKE AND LAID FLAT CAP.

CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

TO BANKS.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

FOLIO POST, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

SUPERFINE LEDGER PAPERS, for Ledgers, Journals, &c.

PAPER WAREHOUSE.

CYRUS W. FIELD & CO., WHOLESALE

PAPER DEALERS, NO. 57 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK,

Have REMOVED from No. 11 CLIFF STREET to the

large new store No. 57 BEEKMAN STREET, and have

made such extensive arrangements with manufacturers

that they will be in constant receipt of PAPERS adapt-

ed to any branch of Trade. These daily additions,

together with their present stock, make an assortment

which, for variety and quality, cannot be surpassed;

and their facilities are such that they are enabled to

sell every description of PAPER at the lowest possible

price, either for cash or approved notes. They feel as-

sured that they can offer strong inducements to pur-

chasers throughout the United States and Canada to

give them their orders.

Below are enumerated some of the principal styles

of PAPER and PAPER MANUFACTURERS' MAT-

TERIALS, now offered in lot to suit purchasers.

TO PUBLISHERS OF BOOKS, PAMPH- LETS, &c.

BOOK PAPER, of various sizes and qualities.

COLORED PAPER, glazed and unglazed.

DOUBLE CAP WRAPPERS, all colors.

FANCY PAPER, for fly leaves.

STRAW and BINDERS BOARDS, &c.

BOOK PAPER made to order, of any size and weight.

TO PUBLISHERS OF NEWSPAPERS.

NEWS PAPER constantly on hand, of the various

sizes and qualities usually called for, and any size

made to order at short notice.

MANILLA PAPER, superior quality for wrappers.

NEWS INK, &c.

TO JOB PRINTERS,

NEWS and BOOK PAPER, various sizes.

COLORED PAPER, glazed and unglazed.

PLAIN CAP and LETTER PAPER.

FOLIO POST, FLAT CAPS, &c.

TO DRUGGISTS.

HARDWARE PAPERS, of various sizes and qualities.

WHITE and COLORED WRAPPING, all kinds.

BLUE and WHITE PAPER, for Selditz Powders.

CAP and LETTER PAPERES, &c.

TO CLOTH AND DRY GOODS DEALERS.

MANILLA PAPER, 30x40, 36x40 and 40x28, and any

size and weight made to order.

WRAPPING PAPER, various qualities.

SILK PAPER,

CAP and LETTER PAPERS, &c.

TO HARDWARE MANUFACTURERS AND DEALERS.

HARDWARE PAPER, various sizes and weights.

HARDWARE PAPER, various sizes and weights, glazed.

WHITE WRAPPING PAPER, various sizes.

COLORED PAPERS, glazed, for labels.

TISSUE PAPERS, white and colored, &c.

HARDWARE PAPER made to order, of any particular

size and thickness.

TO HATTERS.

WHITE PAPER, 24x36, 28x37, 29x42.

TI PAPER.

FANCY COLORED PAPER.

MANILLA PAPER, &c.

TO TRUNK MANUFACTURERS.

TRUNK BOARDS, all numbers.

WHITE and COLORED PAPER, for lining.

TO HOUSE AND SHIP BUILDERS.

SEATHING PAPER, dry and tanned.

SAND SEATHING.

TO BOOKBINDERS.

BINDERS' BOARDS, double cap, assorted numbers.

BOARDS' BOARDS, medium, assorted numbers.

STRAW BOARDS.

FANCY PAPERS, for fly leaves.

COLORED PAPERS, &c.

TO BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS.

LETTER PAPER, blue and white, plain and ruled.

CAP PAPER, blue and white, plain and ruled.

NOTE PAPER, blue and white, plain and ruled.

PACKET POST, blue and white, plain and ruled.

COMMERCIAL LETTER, blue and white, plain and ruled.

FOLIO POST, blue and white.

FLAT CAP of every variety.

LEDGER PAPERS, all qualities.

TISSUE PAPER, white and colored.

BLOTTING PAPER, buff and pink.

BLUE and WHITE and BROWN BONNET BOARDS.

ENVELOPES, of all kinds and sizes.

TO GROCERS.

STRAW and RAG WRAPPING PAPER, all sizes.

TEA PAPERS, all sizes.

MANILLA PAPER.

LETTER and CAP PAPERS, &c.

TO CARD MANUFACTURERS.

WHITE WOKE and LAID FLAT CAP.

CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

TO BANKS.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

FOLIO POST, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

SUPERFINE LEDGER PAPERS, for Ledgers, Journals, &c.

LETTER and CAP PAPERS, &c.

TO LET.

WHITE WOKE and LAID FLAT CAP.

CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

TO BANKS.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities.

WHITE PAPER, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

FOLIO POST, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

SUPERFINE LEDGER PAPERS, for Ledgers, Journals, &c.

LETTER and CAP PAPERS, &c.

TO LET.

WHITE WOKE and LAID FLAT CAP.

CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

TO BANKS.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities.

WHITE PAPER, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

FOLIO POST, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

SUPERFINE LEDGER PAPERS, for Ledgers, Journals, &c.

LETTER and CAP PAPERS, &c.

TO LET.

WHITE WOKE and LAID FLAT CAP.

CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

TO BANKS.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities.

WHITE PAPER, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

FOLIO POST, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

SUPERFINE LEDGER PAPERS, for Ledgers, Journals, &c.

LETTER and CAP PAPERS, &c.

TO LET.

WHITE WOKE and LAID FLAT CAP.

CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

TO BANKS.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities.

WHITE PAPER, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

FOLIO POST, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

SUPERFINE LEDGER PAPERS, for Ledgers, Journals, &c.

LETTER and CAP PAPERS, &c.

TO LET.

WHITE WOKE and LAID FLAT CAP.

CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

TO BANKS.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities.

WHITE PAPER, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

FOLIO POST, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

SUPERFINE LEDGER PAPERS, for Ledgers, Journals, &c.

LETTER and CAP PAPERS, &c.

TO LET.

WHITE WOKE and LAID FLAT CAP.

CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

TO BANKS.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities.

WHITE PAPER, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

FOLIO POST, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

SUPERFINE LEDGER PAPERS, for Ledgers, Journals, &c.

LETTER and CAP PAPERS, &c.

TO LET.

WHITE WOKE and LAID FLAT CAP.

CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

TO BANKS.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities.

WHITE PAPER, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

FOLIO POST, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

SUPERFINE LEDGER PAPERS, for Ledgers, Journals, &c.

LETTER and CAP PAPERS, &c.

TO LET.

WHITE WOKE and LAID FLAT CAP.

CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

TO BANKS.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities.

WHITE PAPER, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

FOLIO POST, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

SUPERFINE LEDGER PAPERS, for Ledgers, Journals, &c.

LETTER and CAP PAPERS, &c.

TO LET.

WHITE WOKE and LAID FLAT CAP.

CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

TO BANKS.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities.

WHITE PAPER, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

FOLIO POST, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

SUPERFINE LEDGER PAPERS, for Ledgers, Journals, &c.

LETTER and CAP PAPERS, &c.

TO LET.

WHITE WOKE and LAID FLAT CAP.

CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

TO BANKS.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities.

WHITE PAPER, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

FOLIO POST, all qualities, for Checks, Notes, &c.

SUPERFINE LEDGER PAPERS, for Ledgers, Journals, &c.

LETTER and CAP PAPERS, &c.

TO LET.

WHITE WOKE and LAID FLAT CAP.

CARD MIDDLES, made to order.

TO BANKS.

BANK NOTE PAPER, all qualities.

